

The Australian

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

AUGUST 16, 1947

PRICE

3^d



Bigger softer nappies



"Dri-Glo" Made in Australia by the makers of the famous "Dri-Glo" towels



Also special soft nursery towels for Baby
Made by the makers of the famous
"Dri-Glo" double warp towels.

We make our nappies from the finest super-quality cotton yarn. Beautifully bleached and perfectly hygienic, these "Dri-Glo" squares are ready for instant use. And they're so wonderfully soft and cushiony . . . so highly absorbent that whether it's hot or cold they protect baby's tender skin. Their high absorbency makes them quick-drying too.

We aren't only thinking of baby when we make our "Dri-Glo" naps. We are

thinking of Mother too. We know how much laundering those naps have to stand up to — so like our famous "Dri-Glo" towels, we use only the highest quality double warp cotton, for extra strength.

Unlimited supplies
of "Dri-Glo" Naps
available at your
favourite store
now.



"Dri-Glo" naps for baby

A dog's life
has its drama
Pepper found

COCKER OF THE WALK

By ... 2 AUG 1947

Loretta Burroughs

old he got pneumonia and died, and his daughter Christine left her job in the city to come and run the kennels. And that tore things rather. Because as mamma put it to me one day, "Dear Chris is beautiful, but dumb." She looked worried, since she had her heart set on my Garden debut.

"She isn't handling you, training you enough," she complained, sitting down and scratching her left ear furiously, which she always does when she's really upset. "Does she expect you to win all by yourself, a little ignorant pup like you?"

"Listen, mamma," I said, a bit annoyed, "if she shows me sitting on top of her head, I'll still beat 'em all!"

Mamma looked at me and raised her upper lip in a snarl. "Fresh," she said.

But really, things were not going well at the Morgan Kennels now. They were losing money. It wasn't that Christine didn't love us as much as Jack had, or that she didn't work like a dog herself, but she was young, and she didn't have Jack's contacts and experience.

She made bad mistakes, like selling a good dog for practically nothing, and hanging on to some appalling thing she should have given away to the grocer's boy. And then, after the time she tried to trim mamma, she used to pay an expert to trim the dogs, and, for a big kennel, that costs money.

That was how things were at the Morgan Kennels, sliding slowly downhill, the day that Bill Wainwright came into our lives. It was a dull afternoon, near dusk.

George, the kennelman, had given me some hard exercise, and I was lying in my own private cubby. The lights were on in the office, and I could hear ledger pages turning over, and now and then a sigh. Christine was in there, worrying her head off over bills, as usual.

Then the outside door opened with a gust of wind, and this Bill Wainwright came in. Mamma told me later about him. It seems he's terribly rich and owns the Flyaway Kennels. Famous for Cocker. One of mamma's many husbands was a Flyaway dog, and although she pretended not to be, I know she always felt honored by that fact.

Anyway, I didn't know anything at the time about the super-duper Flyaway champions, or the super-duper Bill Wainwright, so I just kept on snoozing. I was quite dead to the world when Christine suddenly opened my door, saying over her shoulder: "Since you're so interested I'll gladly show him to you—but there's not a chance of my selling him."

She carried me out and plunked me on the table in the brightly lighted office. I was limp as a snake with sleep—but when Christine's hand fumbled under my chin and her other hand grasped my tail in her clumsy fashion, I struck a pose that would have caused any judge to swoon.

Please turn to page 19

The Australian Women's
Weekly—August 18, 1947
Page 3

I ALWAYS was fresh. Mamma used to say so, trotting along with her head awry, and me up in the air, my teeth firmly clasped in her ear, "You're the freshest pup," she'd say, jerking her head, because she hated to have her beautiful ears chewed. "They ought to give you the needle, they ought."

Well, there was small chance of that. From the day I was born, I knew I was a king among spaniels. Mamma has told the story so often—too often, her friends think—that I seem to remember it actually happening.

She says that I wasn't more than minutes old when Jack Morgan put his finger on me and said, "That's a champion! That little bit of black pepper there."

Incidentally, that was how I got my name—Black Pepper. I was a gorgeous little pup, if I say so myself, and from the time I really began to take notice I was conscious of my destiny.

Jack used to stand me up on the grooming table in the kennel office, and show me off to his friends. It worried mamma, because she said I was conceited enough already. I'll admit it inflames the ego to have human beings stand round you, humble with admiration.

"That's a dog!" they'd say. And Jack would run his big gentle hands lovingly over me. "I'll not show him," he'd say, "until he's ten months. I'll introduce him at the Garden." The show at the Garden, you know, is quite the biggest event of the year in the dog world.

That was what poor Jack intended. But when I was six months

"I can't get up," Christine said. "Something's wrong with my ankle."

Loretta Burroughs

A LOVE LIKE THAT

By DAVID GARTH

FURIOUS and dismayed when attractive heiress VALENTINE RANSOME buys up the control of the Blair Steamship Line, personable young JONATHAN BLAIR, previously the Chairman of Directors, curtly refuses her invitation to join her and BARD CALHOUN, young advertising executive, on a cruise in the Blair liner *Orinoco*, then disappears.

As neither DIRK SEGRAVE, his close friend, nor actress CAROL WALLACE, to whom he is practically engaged, can throw any light on his whereabouts, Valentine disgustedly thinks he is sulking.

Actually he had joined the crew of the *Orinoco* as an ordinary seaman, but she only learns this to her amazement at the end of the voyage after he has figured heroically in the rescue of passengers from the stricken liner *Dorinda*.

Back in New York, she wants to apologise for misjudging him, but cannot locate him.

Now read on.

BARD CALHOUN was called away in connection with a big cosmetic account. He was gone three weeks, and when he returned he discovered that Valentine had made some changes in her mode of living.

She had originally taken a penthouse apartment furnished smartly in gay, modernistic style. He was surprised to find that she had given that up and was living in a two-room apartment in a residential hotel.

"Had to economise," she explained. "Alackaday, the lady is going broke."

"You're not taking it on the chin!"

"Not at all. The Blair Lines are booming along. Patient's getting husky. Freight department working like a top, and the cobwebs have been cleared out of the passenger office. But this is no time to take money out of the business. I pay myself a small salary and subsist miraculously thereby."

Bard prescribed a celebration. She agreed readily. They attended a house-party given by a friend of Bard's, Lucia Stuyvesant—two days of lounging informality during which there was music and bridge and a great deal of elbow-bending to add to the general air of amiability.

It did not take much discernment for her to see that Lucia Stuyvesant was very much in love with Bard. Valentine liked her, an attractive, dark-haired girl with a frequent low, pleasant laugh. She heard indirectly that she and Bard had once been very friendly.

"Why did you bring me here, Bard?" she asked him late that first evening.

"To tell you the truth," he returned. "It was because Lucia wanted to meet you. Don't you like it?"

"How do you think Lucia likes it?"

"Oh!" said Bard. He fingered the edge of his dress tie and looked thoughtful. "You've heard about that, have you? Well, that's all over long ago. It was one of those things. Lucia knows that as well as I do."

One of those things. That's what he thought. Men were so blind sometimes. Even Bard, poised, fastidious, restrained. It took a woman to see the bright glint of the steel points tearing another woman's soul. Valentine didn't enjoy herself very much. There was the

threat of hurt imminent in the air.

They drove back with several others late the next afternoon. Valentine said little. She watched Bard as he drove swiftly, his regular handsome profile set and his capable square hands steady on the wheel.

He was a grand person; no silly sulking about him. He'd told her how he felt, and he had enough confidence in her to know that she was straight. He'd be ready to tell her what he felt only when he knew she wanted to hear it.

Marriage. She wondered. She had never spent much time thinking about it because she had rather imagined that if she ever fell in love she would certainly know it with a bang. She was rather hazy on just how she would be likely to know it, but something pretty earth-shaking ought to take place.

The sun, moon, stars, earth, wind, and sea should cavort in their natural spheres about The Man. But perhaps she was wrong.

Suddenly, impulsively, she wished that she could tell Bard she would marry him any old time he said. There was just one little thing that seemed to hold her back. She did not know exactly what it was.

"Princeton," said Bard.

Valentine started.

"What did you say?" she asked breathlessly.

He looked at her in surprise. "Didn't mean to scare you," he grinned. "I just said 'Princeton.' We're passing through there now. Let's stop at the inn and get something to eat. I'm starved."

Princeton! The name called to mind with startling clarity a young man sitting on a fence rail talking about spills and waxing indignant because she had not received any prize-money. Jonathan Blair, of St. Paul's and Princeton! The very much absent Mr. Blair.

They stopped at the Inn and piled out of the car. Another crowd was there, most of whom Bard knew. They mingled together, ordered drinks, and sat around the immense fireplace, glowing within and without.

It was a simple matter for Valentine to slip away. She put on her coat and went outside. Princeton! The name exerted a tug, made her restless.

She got into Bard's car and drove back the way they had come, going up University Place at the side of the campus. Jonathan Blair's campus. It seemed a contact with him, even as her visit to see his dog had been.

Valentine stopped near a stone arch, sat in the car a moment, then stepped out and walked through. Her high heels beat a staccato on the walk and the cold air nipped at her silken ankles.

The campus was nearly deserted, and great gaunt trees stood dimly in the chill dusk of early evening. Lights were gleaming from dormitory windows. She stopped and looked about her. Jonathan Blair had promenaded those walks once—ambling amiably along with probably nothing on his mind.

There was something in the atmosphere of those Gothic arches, broad lawns, interlocking walks, and

"Unfortunately," Jonathan said, watching her keenly, "those contracts are no good."

towers that reminded her of him, something blithe that lived among those old trees and beautiful halls.

For six weeks now he had been absent and unaccounted for. She had become more or less numb to his inexplicable absence, but now he strode down those walks, tall, lean-faced, grey-eyed, and it rankled again.

It made her angry. Where was the fool? She knew he wasn't off on any spree, of that she was convinced. She'd made that mistake once and she still felt ridiculous.

She drove back to the Inn not imbued with the party spirit.

Dirk Segrave inspected the preparations for the cocktail party he was giving and nodded approval.

"Looks all right," he told his man. "But be sure you don't run short. There's going to be a lot of women here, and the cocktail, Todd, was invented primarily for women."

He went in to dress, and it was then that the bell rang, the front door opened and closed, and into his bedroom walked a tall young man with a topcoat over one arm and a suitcase in his hand.

"How are you, boy!" greeted the tall young man cordially, setting down the case and extending a hand.

"You!" said Dirk in amazement. "Where'd you pop from, Corry?"

"South America," said Jonathan Blair.

"South Am—"

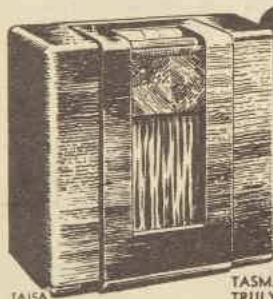
"Great place," said Jonathan briskly. "Dirk, I flew back. It's the only way to travel. Big airlines! Regular fleets of airliners—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Dirk. "Never mind about air travel. You're the craziest guy! What have you been doing down in South America?"

"Business," said Jonathan briefly. Dirk looked at him uncertainly, twirling the silken cord of his dressing gown about one finger. There was indeed a business-like, crackling air about him.

"I went down there in one of the Blair freighters," he explained. "Son, I knew that ship from stern to stern, athwart and athwart when I finished. I got the idea of freight and operating expenses, cargo stowage, fuel costs—in short, I went to school!"

Please turn to page 24



CHECK IT

✓
THE NEW TASMA
HAS EVERYTHING

That overworked term, "super," has a genuine meaning at last! TASMA has produced a radio which can TRULY be described in superlatives... a radio which has everything! A radio that alters opinions!

✓ **STATION MAGNIFICATION:** Station call signs fairly leap out of the new Tasma dial. They're practically stereoscopic... The illustration shows them ACTUAL SIZE.

✓ **B-ZONE ROTARY DIAL:** You don't have to "edge" stations into position on the new Tasma. The dial spins to provide perfect station zoning. Only the stations that concern you are visible.

✓ **"ROLLER" TUNING (Pat. Pend.):** A high-speed extruded aluminium roller takes the place of the old-time tuning knob. You flick the roller and in comes your programme.

AND ✓ CONCEALED CONTROLS ✓ EASY SHORT-WAVE
RE-LOCATION ✓ HANDSOME MATCHED WALNUT CABINET
✓ CHECK—IT'S A RADIO THAT ALTERS OPINIONS

THE NEW **Tasma** MODEL 1131
THOM & SMITH PTY. LTD.

Best known—
best loved...



Yardley English
Lavender, evocative
fragrance for the young
and gay of heart. Like a
melody it whispers your
name in the hearts of
those who love you...



Yardley
English Lavender
3/5 to 17/3
Lavender Soap
(Large tablets) 1/8

YARDLEY English
LAVENDER

Y.S.M.

She Gave Away The Story

AND I said to Alfred, 'Well, if you must rush off on a business trip the minute we get home from our holidays, and without a clean shirt to your name, I suppose you must, but I don't know what kind of a wife people will think I am.' And so . . .

Mimi Jordan paused to look at the cards in her hand, prolonging the "so" to warn that she did not intend to yield the floor. "And so Alfred said he'd buy some, and I said, 'I'd just like to see you try to buy white shirts, anywhere, Fred Jordan, and . . .'"

"Listen, are we going to play bridge, or aren't we?" Jess demanded with an impatience indicative of honor count.

Mrs. Jordan closed her mouth over rather too prominent teeth, opened it again to snap out, "One heart!"

"A spade," Jess said.

Sadie said a no-trump. Dot, who was hostess this week and still busy breaking up a bar of chocolate, said, "Wait, girls; I haven't had a chance to look at mine. And, anyway, Jess, I want to hear about the Star Lake case, whether you do or not. Mimi was right there the whole time."

"Star Lake? Why, the card you sent us was post-marked Peterville, and you didn't even mention the murder!" Jess said.

"I didn't think it would be very good taste, on a post-card," Mimi was prim. "Besides, Alfred said we didn't want to be mixed up in it or seem too interested, or people would think it was just morbid curiosity. You know how sensitive he is. He'd hardly even let me talk about it."

"You even told us you were going to Peterville," Jess objected suspiciously.

"Well, naturally I did! Alfred always says 'Peterville' because that's what they called it years ago before it got so popular. Nowadays they call it Star Lake, since this big company took over practically everything in it, but they still call the post office Peterville."

"I want to hear about the murder," Dot cut in; "and so does Sadie. Go on, Mimi!"

"Aren't we going to play bridge?" Mimi asked innocently. "It's one no-trump to you, Dot."

"I don't care if it's seven no-trump," Dot said. "Give us all the details, Mimi! We only know what we read in the papers."

"Do they know yet that she was really murdered?" Sadie demanded. "I mean, people are always drowning in lakes and places."

Mrs. Jordan nodded decisively. "She was murdered, all right. Isn't it awful? Her pictures were quite attractive."

"Too fat," Sadie decreed. Sadie was slim and willowy.

"Oh, I don't know," Jess was definitely plump. "Go on, Mimi."

Dot interrupted: "Were you there when they—that is, did you see the—the remains?"

"Did we!" Mimi groaned. "My Gears, it was dreadful, just grisly! Those bones all covered with green slime and that huge anchor chain . . ."

"Anchor chain?" Sadie sat forward.

"To keep her from floating, you know."

"Well, I know that," Sadie said, "but I didn't know what kind of a chain it was."

"Well, it was an anchor chain. The chain and the anchor came with the boat. Alfred and I had one like it in the boat we rented, and I tell you, it just made me think!" She paused as it made her think again.

"Go on!" Dot urged. "Did you see them bring her in?"

Mimi shuddered so vigorously that

her chartreuse-flowered hat slipped to the back of her head.

"Bring her in! Darling, we saw them bring her up! Our boat was quite close when Dickie Ewatts began shouting how he had hooked a big fish, and Mr. Ewatts said he'd land him for him, and Dickie said that wasn't fair, and began pulling hard. Then suddenly Mr. Ewatts' face went grim, and he said: 'That's no fish, sonny.'"

"Mr. Ewatts was the man the newspapers said found her," Sadie said.

"Well," Mimi snapped, "it wasn't Mr. Ewatts. It was Dickie, Dickie's ten. He's a darling. He reminds me of your Bub, Dot."

"Bub is eleven, isn't he, Dot?" Sadie corrected.

"Just," Dot agreed. "Go on, Mimi!"

"That's what I say!" Jess urged. "What difference does it make how old Bub is? Let Mimi talk."

Mimi smirked. "I thought we wanted to play bridge."

"All right," Jess said. "I apologise. You know how crazy I am about mysteries."

Mimi's forgiveness was swift and gracious. "That's what I said to Alfred, I said, 'Jess is so crazy about murders it's just a shame she couldn't have been here.'"

Jess smiled her gratitude at this piece of thoughtfulness.

"Not," Mimi said, "that it wasn't just awful. You see, we were right there on the lake, as I said, which was the funny thing, because you know how Alfred is about exercise. I almost had to pry him off the hotel verandah even for a little stroll in the evenings, and then this morning when it's almost too hot to move, he's hired a boat before I've even come downstairs. I almost dropped dead before I remembered what day it was."

"What day was it?" Dot asked, obviously not much caring, but knowing Mimi wouldn't proceed until the question was asked.

"Our third anniversary," Mimi preened. "Now, wasn't that the sweetest thing? He wanted us to spend it alone together. He'd planned we'd row out to this little island about a half-mile out and have a picnic. He says it's a perfectly lovely spot with a little beach on the far side most people don't know about. I was just sick we didn't get to it, but naturally the police made everyone come in off the lake the minute they got there."

The word "police" revived her audience.

"It must have been terrible for you," Dot sympathised. "I mean, the police."

Mimi's shrug was eloquent of good sportsmanship. "It was one of those things. I didn't mind for me, but poor Alfred was such a wreck he could barely talk."

I thought he was going to be literally ill. He's so squeamish, bless his heart."

"He eats tripe," Sadie said. "I've seen him eat tripe."

"That's a very special recipe. Anyway, you can't imagine how tense it was. Mr. Ewatts felt just awful when he saw what it was. We all did."

Dot couldn't see how they stood it.

"Well, one thing," Mimi was brave. "We thought at first it must be some animal. That's what Alfred thought. And then, another thing, she'd been in the water so long she was all sort of—I mean, you don't think of anything as old as that being human."

"Five years," Sadie said. "The papers said she'd been dead five years."

Mimi nodded. "Five years in August. Our waitress at the hotel said she remembered them, and they seemed such a happy couple. Mrs. Jennings told her it was their second honeymoon, and the night before

she disappeared she was all excited because Mr. Jennings had a surprise for her, she said. I should say it was a surprise, all right!"

"What did the waitress say about him?" Jess demanded.

"Oh, it was because of Arthur Jennings that she noticed them particularly. He had a beard—sort of a professor's beard—and beautiful manners, and was always so tidy around the room, and so immaculate about his person."

"That sounds like your Alfred," Sadie said, "all but the beard."

Mimi giggled. "Doesn't it though? That's what I said to Alfred, and, do you know, he was actually a wee bit sensitive about it! I told him, 'My goodness, I wouldn't change you for the world. I like a neat man.' My first husband was just terrible that way, downright sloppy. All I

didn't miss the whole thing.

"If I hadn't sent Fred back to the hotel after sandwiches—if that wasn't typical of a man, planning a picnic and not a thing in the boat to eat—we'd have been out to the island by the time they found her. I told Alfred I just couldn't help feeling we were meant to be there. He said he supposed I was right."

She surveyed her audience with a cryptic little smile.

"Another thing, girls, believe it or not, the minute I stepped into that boat that morning I knew just as well as anything something was going to happen. I got that way sometimes. Naturally I never dreamed what it was, but I had a funny nervous feeling, and I almost told Alfred I thought we shouldn't go, except I knew how disappointed he'd be. I don't claim to be psychic or . . ."

"They say," Dot steered firmly, "nobody was a bit suspicious when Mr. Jennings came home from his holiday without his wife."

"Well, anyway,

we didn't miss the whole thing."

"If I hadn't sent Fred back to the hotel after sandwiches—if that wasn't typical of a man, planning a picnic and not a thing in the boat to eat—we'd have been out to the island by the time they found her. I told Alfred I just couldn't help feeling we were meant to be there. He said he supposed I was right."

She surveyed her audience with a cryptic little smile.

"Another thing, girls, believe it or not, the minute I stepped into that boat that morning I knew just as well as anything something was going to happen. I got that way sometimes. Naturally I never dreamed what it was, but I had a funny nervous feeling, and I almost told Alfred I thought we shouldn't go, except I knew how disappointed he'd be. I don't claim to be psychic or . . ."

"They say," Dot steered firmly, "nobody was a bit suspicious when Mr. Jennings came home from his holiday without his wife."

"Well, anyway,

we didn't miss the whole thing."

"If I hadn't sent Fred back to the hotel after sandwiches—if that wasn't typical of a man, planning a picnic and not a thing in the boat to eat—we'd have been out to the island by the time they found her. I told Alfred I just couldn't help feeling we were meant to be there. He said he supposed I was right."

She surveyed her audience with a cryptic little smile.

"Another thing, girls, believe it or not, the minute I stepped into that boat that morning I knew just as well as anything something was going to happen. I got that way sometimes. Naturally I never dreamed what it was, but I had a funny nervous feeling, and I almost told Alfred I thought we shouldn't go, except I knew how disappointed he'd be. I don't claim to be psychic or . . ."

"They say," Dot steered firmly, "nobody was a bit suspicious when Mr. Jennings came home from his holiday without his wife."

"Well, anyway,

she disappeared she was all excited because Mr. Jennings had a surprise for her, she said. I should say it was a surprise, all right!"

"What did the waitress say about him?" Jess demanded.

"Oh, it was because of Arthur Jennings that she noticed them particularly. He had a beard—sort of a professor's beard—and beautiful manners, and was always so tidy around the room, and so immaculate about his person."

"That sounds like your Alfred," Sadie said, "all but the beard."

Mimi giggled. "Doesn't it though? That's what I said to Alfred, and, do you know, he was actually a wee bit sensitive about it! I told him, 'My goodness, I wouldn't change you for the world. I like a neat man.' My first husband was just terrible that way, downright sloppy. All I

didn't miss the whole thing.

"If I hadn't sent Fred back to the hotel after sandwiches—if that wasn't typical of a man, planning a picnic and not a thing in the boat to eat—we'd have been out to the island by the time they found her. I told Alfred I just couldn't help feeling we were meant to be there. He said he supposed I was right."

She surveyed her audience with a cryptic little smile.

"Another thing, girls, believe it or not, the minute I stepped into that boat that morning I knew just as well as anything something was going to happen. I got that way sometimes. Naturally I never dreamed what it was, but I had a funny nervous feeling, and I almost told Alfred I thought we shouldn't go, except I knew how disappointed he'd be. I don't claim to be psychic or . . ."

"They say," Dot steered firmly, "nobody was a bit suspicious when Mr. Jennings came home from his holiday without his wife."

"Well, anyway,

we didn't miss the whole thing."

"If I hadn't sent Fred back to the hotel after sandwiches—if that wasn't typical of a man, planning a picnic and not a thing in the boat to eat—we'd have been out to the island by the time they found her. I told Alfred I just couldn't help feeling we were meant to be there. He said he supposed I was right."

She surveyed her audience with a cryptic little smile.

"Another thing, girls, believe it or not, the minute I stepped into that boat that morning I knew just as well as anything something was going to happen. I got that way sometimes. Naturally I never dreamed what it was, but I had a funny nervous feeling, and I almost told Alfred I thought we shouldn't go, except I knew how disappointed he'd be. I don't claim to be psychic or . . ."

"They say," Dot steered firmly, "nobody was a bit suspicious when Mr. Jennings came home from his holiday without his wife."

"Well, anyway,

we didn't miss the whole thing."

"If I hadn't sent Fred back to the hotel after sandwiches—if that wasn't typical of a man, planning a picnic and not a thing in the boat to eat—we'd have been out to the island by the time they found her. I told Alfred I just couldn't help feeling we were meant to be there. He said he supposed I was right."

She surveyed her audience with a cryptic little smile.

"Another thing, girls, believe it or not, the minute I stepped into that boat that morning I knew just as well as anything something was going to happen. I got that way sometimes. Naturally I never dreamed what it was, but I had a funny nervous feeling, and I almost told Alfred I thought we shouldn't go, except I knew how disappointed he'd be. I don't claim to be psychic or . . ."

"They say," Dot steered firmly, "nobody was a bit suspicious when Mr. Jennings came home from his holiday without his wife."

"Well, anyway,

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.



"That's no fish, sonny," Mr. Ewatts said, his face suddenly grim.

By BARBARA CORRIGAN



PLAN

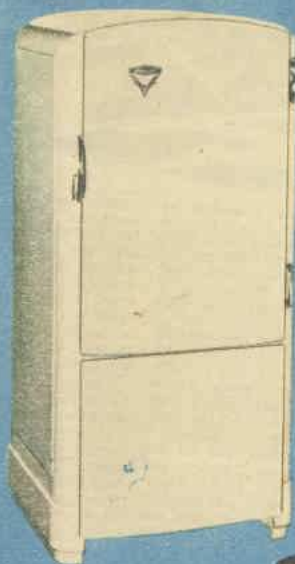
more leisure



WITH

B.G.E.

ELECTRIC
HOME HELPS



Away with the household drudgery that hastens grey hairs . . . Plan now for the greater leisure and pleasure that comes with B.G.E. Electric Home Helps and Appliances . . . Output is increasing, so keep in touch with your local B.G.E. distributor or showroom for earliest delivery.



I
Guarantee
them

The "British General" tag on any B.G.E. product is your guarantee of enduring satisfaction.

British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd.

(Sole Australian Representatives of The General Electric Co. Ltd. of England)

SYDNEY • NEWCASTLE • MELBOURNE • ADELAIDE
BRISBANE • PERTH • HOBART • LAUNCESTON



You Haven't Changed a Bit

By LOUISE ROEDOCKER

THE two women sat at a secluded corner table in the lounge. Elaine White was small and slight, with a gentle, almost naive face. She was so well turned out, compared to the way most of the women in the town dressed, that it seemed she must have wanted to create an impression.

Her friend was hatless, and her dark feathercut was wind-blown, her brown linen dress wrinkled. She was eyeing Elaine curiously. They had met in the lounge some ten minutes before, and now their conversation was progressing wretchedly, since both of them were remembering something which neither of them wanted to speak of first.

"When you rang, I thought your husband would be with you," the wind-blown woman said. "It would have been fun to see him."

Elaine fingered her new diamond engagement and wedding rings, and an enigmatic smile formed itself around her mouth. "He's awfully busy, Jane," she said. "With the University so crowded, professors have to take on so much extra work. And he's working on his next novel. I left him sitting at the typewriter."

"It just doesn't seem possible," Jane said, "you married to a man like that. I remember when that last novel of his came out and his picture was even in the local paper—"

Elaine moved uneasily. "I know," she said, and there was a slight bitterness in her tone. "No one thought I was very smart. Remember, I was the domestic type." She smiled, but her lips were tight. "It seems a long time ago, Jane."

"Only four years," Jane said. "But

you made use of them, all right. I don't think there's a soul who hasn't heard of Peter Alex White."

Elaine lifted her glass, staring down into the pale liquid. She said nothing.

"By the way," Jane said casually, "Terry is in town."

Both women were relieved that the name had been said, the subject brought up. Elaine bent her head and rummaged in her bag for a cigarette.

"They have a daughter, you know. She's nearly three," Jane said.

Elaine smiled. "Mother told me." She exhaled slowly. "Funny how they always remember to tell the woman, but I'll bet Terry hasn't heard a word about me since he followed Doris out of town."

"Remember, Terry was only going to work in that country store for a year, and then come back and take his degree? He's still in the store. His wife's father's store. A clerk. Not that it would matter if he hadn't talked so big."

"The Great Terry," Elaine said, and her laugh was brittle. "He didn't know what he was going to be, but it was going to be big. He would write a great book, if only he could get an idea for it. Or he would be a great actor. Or a great painter or poet. How I used to eat it up!"

Her eyes dropped to her glass. She was remembering the night Terry Wade had told her that he couldn't marry her, that the engagement was off, that they weren't suited to each other because, in effect, she didn't know as much as he did.

She remembered the teasing pleasure that had been in his eyes when he told her; she had known that he wanted her to be broken up about it. But she had been numb; she couldn't say a word. He'd prided himself on his analysis of her.



"That's a photograph of Doris. She's just as beautiful as ever," Terry said, his eyes on Elaine's face.

"Jane," she said violently, "how I'd like to show him he didn't know me at all!"

"Oh, well, it's all done now. You're married to someone worth a dozen of Terry," Jane smiled reminiscently. "Remember how often the gang used to come here? Incidentally, what about another drink?"

She leaned forward to summon a waiter. Then she drew back quickly. "Terry's over there."

Elaine raised her head and glanced toward the door. After a moment she moved slightly, so that she was looking directly at the man who sat there, facing in her direction.

When at last he noticed her, he straightened, and then a peculiarly smug, amused expression crossed his face. He was one of those exceedingly handsome men who have been admired since they were babies—one of those babies who thrived on admiration. He began to walk slowly toward the table in the corner.

Elaine's eyes flicked her friend. "Don't tell him a thing about me," she said. "Not a thing." She swiftly hid her left hand under the table. "Well, if it isn't Elaine," Terry greeted her. "My little friend Elaine."

Elaine flushed. "Why, Terry..." she said, and her smile was hesitant, fluttery. "How nice to see you. Are you awfully busy, or could you sit down for a minute?" She turned so that she could face him, and her eyes lingered on his face. Jane looked at her and moved angrily.

Complacency oozed in Terry's voice. "Still the same Elaine, aren't you?" he said, smiling.

"Tell me about yourself," Elaine said, smiling into his eyes.

"We're just in town for a week or so," Terry said. "You've heard we have a little girl?"

"Of course," Elaine said. "Have you a photograph of her with you?"

Terry took out his wallet and handed some photographs to Elaine. "Here's Doris. She's just as beautiful as ever," he said, his eyes on Elaine's face as she studied the photograph of his wife. "And here's our little girl. She looks just like her mother."

Under Elaine's careful questioning he talked glibly about himself, his business, his house, and his car. Jane, listening, noticed particularly that he didn't once bother to glance at Elaine's hand. Finally, he said, smiling condescendingly, "And what about you, Elaine? What have you been doing with yourself?"

Elaine looked him in the face, her manner helpless, appealing. "Oh," she said, "I'm afraid I haven't changed a bit. I'm just exactly the same." She hesitated, then went on more slowly, "Isn't it funny, neither of us has changed? Not a bit."

There was no doubting how he took what she said. He rose in his easy fashion and smiled down on her. "Well, I'll have one more be-

fore I go," he said, casually. "Nice to have seen you..."

Elaine watched him walk briskly back toward his table.

"Well!" Jane said. "Honestly, I thought you hated yourself for sitting at his feet just now."

"Yes, I did, didn't I?" Elaine said. Her eyes were hard and implacable. "I hope he remembers that. It was just exactly like old times. Neither of us has changed a bit. I hope he realised that."

"Someone is sure to tell him you're married," Jane said.

"Yes, someone is sure to tell him," Elaine leaned forward and grasped Jane's arm. "Look—"

Jane turned and saw Terry shaking the hand of a tall, rugged-faced man wearing a wrinkled suit. She had never seen the man before.

"Peter Alex White! I never

thought I'd be lucky enough to meet you!" Terry was saying. He slapped the man on the back, as if they were old friends. "I'd recognise you anywhere. That was a fine book—about the best I ever read."

"Thank you," Peter said. It was clear that he was embarrassed. He glanced around as if for escape. "I was told that my wife was here."

"Your wife?" Terry said.

"Ah, there she is—" Peter started toward the corner table.

Elaine raised her glass and looked at Terry's dismayed, disbelieving face over the rim. She could almost feel the questions scuttling about in his mind; could sense the disintegration of that ego which had fed on her and the memory of her subjection all this time. Her smile was just a trifle taunting, a bit condescending.

(Copyright)

SUPPLIES STILL LIMITED!

—so NOW

is the time to
buy your

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY

Regular users of the famous money saving HEENZO COUGH REMEDY like to always have a supply in the home—ready for instant use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. As supplies are still limited, now is the time to buy your bottle of concentrated HEENZO, which, when added to sweetened water, makes ONE PINT of the best INSTANT RELIEF, NICE TO TAKE and MONEY SAVING FAMILY COUGH AND COLD REMEDY.

HEENZO is guaranteed equally good for adults and children.



HEENZO

COUGH and COLD REMEDY

For
Endearingly Soft Hands

One of your most precious charms . . . your endearingly soft hands! It's so quick and easy to keep your hands at their loveliest, no matter how busy they may be, when you use Pond's Hand Lotion regularly. Just sprinkle on a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion every night at bedtime—and every time you've had your hands in water.

Rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. So get a bottle to-day—at all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION
P.S.—Washing up or washing to do? Give your hands extra care, by massaging before and after with Pond's Hand Lotion.

Evan Williams' Shampoos
These famous shampoos will be available when existing restrictions permit
A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE
4-5, TORRIST & CO., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIAN AGENTS



Princess Margaret is seventeen this month

She's a pretty, witty girl
with her mother's smile

By ANNE MATHESON of our
London staff

Princess Margaret will be 17 on August 21. On that date in 1930, the night sky over Glamis, family home of Queen Elizabeth, reflected flames as beacons were lit to carry through Scotland the news of the birth of the Princess.

As Princess Elizabeth leaned out a window to watch the beacons she was told that she now had a baby sister.

WHEN she saw the baby, Elizabeth piled her own favorite toys on her cot.

That moment saw the beginning of a comradeship from which there never has been a serious dissension.

Yet, as the spotlight plays on Princess Elizabeth, a certain elfin quality of the Royal teenager, Margaret, sometimes steals the show.

This is, of course, quite unintentional on Margaret's part, because her personality has never clashed with the more earnest character of her sister.

The younger Princess is witty, slim, smiling-eyed, and pretty.

Yet she is precocious, as most girls are at her age, and her strong sense of fun will not be denied.

Typical was her retort to Princess Elizabeth at the Heiress Presumptive's Birthday Ball at Capetown.

Margaret was sitting out a dance in the marquee, and Elizabeth gently reprimanded her.

With one of her dewy smiles and a merry twinkle in her vivid blue eyes Margaret said: "You look after your Empire, I'll look after myself."

The more sedate Elizabeth, who had that evening dedicated herself to the Empire in her birthday broadcast, laughed, and, clapping Margaret's hand, strolled back to the ballroom with her.

A few minutes later they had swung into the next waltz with their partners.

The story went round like wildfire in Capetown, where the natural manner of the Royal sisters endeared them to the people.

At 16 Princess Margaret has outgrown much of the tomboyishness that marked her early days. From a leader in practical jokes she has developed into a completely feminine girl with a good flair for dressing and remarkable color sense.

She is a beautiful dancer, a very accomplished little actress, can sing in a sweet, musical voice, and is bubbling over with a zest for life.

Her education, on different lines from that of Princess Elizabeth as Heiress Presumptive, has allowed Margaret more time to develop the artistic side of her nature.

She plays very well on the piano can improvise, and gives some delightful variations of the classics.

Young officers in Vanguard, who were invited by the King and Queen to dinner in their state-room, were fascinated by Princess Margaret's rendering of many old favorites, her swinging of the classical patter choruses, song and action duets with Elizabeth.

The Royal sisters' own versions of many songs were rendered with a charming wit and gaiety.

Margaret has a flair for writing, enjoys making up little pieces of nonsense verse to well-known airs.

But Princess Margaret has been too well brought up to let the lighter side of her nature dominate her life. She has responsibilities.

Second in succession to the British Crown, it is not overlooked that she could one day be Queen Margaret.

Thus her education, though not so tense a preparation for public life, has included such subjects as constitutional history. She is good at languages, speaks French and



THE ROYAL SISTERS are close friends and constant companions. Princess Margaret (right) is second in succession to the British Throne.

German, astonished the South Africans with the fluency of her Afrikaans.

A shrewd and intelligent observer of the human scene, life itself is an education to her.

That is why the King and Queen

PRINCESS
MARGARET,
second daughter
of the King and
Queen, who will
be 17 on August
21.

allowed her to
accompany them
to South Africa
without a gover-
ness.

And it is to the
younger Princess' great credit that
the adulation of the South African
people in no way
spoils her. Rather,
signs of precocity
diminished as she
helped the King,
Queen, and Prin-
cess Elizabeth
with arduous
public duties.

Many times as
Their Majesties
moved forward
among the crowds
Princess Margare-
t, following on
behind, would
smile or speak to
some child who
had perhaps
waited hours for
a glimpse of the
Royal Family.

But mostly Princess Margaret is
content to remain well in the back-
ground, saying little though seeing
everything.

She has a horror of pomposity,
and can be most entertaining at the
expense of anyone who shows signs
of being overbearing.

Her natural gift for mimicry,
which she inherits from her grand-
mother, Queen Mary, makes her a
most entertaining companion in
private.

And though the younger Princess
looks so demure and quiet, her wide-
set, intelligent eyes miss very little
of what is going on.

Neither as robust nor as earnest
as Princess Elizabeth, the young
Princess has rather more varied in-
terests.

Her first love is the theatre, and
a close friend of the Royal Family
told me Princess Margaret con-
sidered having her appendix out
well worth while because Sir Ralph
Richardson and Sir Laurence Olivier
both sent her flowers.

She had been to see them at the
Old Vic only a few nights before,
and is as devoted a fan of these
two great actors as any gallery girl.

But though Princess Margaret has
no vanity about her position, she is
just like any other teen-ager in
the matter of dress and make-up.

Officially she is not allowed make-
up, but she uses powder and lip-
stick and, like most young girls, is
inclined to overdo it.

Princess Elizabeth has often told
Margaret she is wearing too much
lipstick and rouge, and the younger
sister's invariable retort is, "My
mouth is so much bigger and, be-
sides, I lick it off!"

In South Africa it was Princess
Margaret who used sun-tan powder.
Where it came from is still some-
thing of a mystery to the King and
Queen.

But Princess Elizabeth can supply
the answer. "It belongs to Bob,"
she told her lady-in-waiting, "Bob"
is the younger Princess' maid.

sister of Princess Elizabeth's maid.
Princess Margaret calls her sister
"Lilibet," just as she did when she
was a child and could only lip. She
calls the King "Poppa" and the
Queen "Mummy."

She has the Queen's quick wit,
sympathy, and deep understand-
ing of human problems.

Loveliest of all Princess Mar-
garet's charms is her smile. It has
the sweetness and sincerity of the
Queen's smile, and is just as cap-
tivating.

At sixteen Princess Margaret is,
naturally, a little outspoken, and
has often to be curbed for impul-
sive gestures and too-quick remarks.
But these are "behind the scenes"
glimpses of the younger Princess,
for in public she is a model of good
behaviour.

With increasing public duties,
Princess Elizabeth sees less of her
younger sister than formerly, and
after her wedding their time to-
gether will be further diminished,
but their comradeship is certain to
persist.

OUR COVER

● This week's delightful
cover is a natural color study
by Constance Bannister, the
brilliant New York photog-
rapher, who is famous for
her pictures of children. She
is now well known to readers
of *The Australian Women's
Weekly* for her amusing
photo-strip "Baby Banters."



STYLE SENSE. The
younger Princess at a
recent celebration at
Eton. She is keenly
interested in clothes
and make-up.

CRISIS IN BRITAIN

DESPERATE ills need desperate cures, and it is plain that the economic crisis in Britain is of that kind.

The situation is of importance to every Australian and is no mere matter of sentiment.

Sympathy wells up very readily for the British people, who have suffered so terribly in war and then found peace brought them no sweets of victory, no rest or plenty.

Since the war ended they have been exhorted to greater and greater effort, not to provide themselves with the comforts of civilised living, but to enable the country to pay for the necessities of bare existence.

Australia's reaction to the present unhappy picture should be an immediate apprehension for themselves as well as sympathy for the British.

This country is part of an Empire whose wealth, power, and leadership in world affairs were taken for granted until World War II.

Britain threw everything into that fight for survival.

She survived—but with such colossal losses that she found herself poor and weak and with a second fight on her hands—the struggle for economic revival.

That struggle is as important to Australia as the first.

The ordinary citizen here and in England who finds the implications and ramifications of world finance too involved for complete understanding is nevertheless convinced that "something must be done."

He must be prepared for that "something" to be bold and unconventional and to provide shocks and hardship along the road to a new victory.

Australians may have to share with their British cousins some of the discomforts and disadvantages entailed. These should be shared willingly, if only in hard-headed interest for this country's future.



SPROD looks at life: Visiting hour at the hospital.

It seems to me...

MAD with the mannequins and frenzied with fashions as we are here, our thoughts are on spring clothes while the winter westerlies are biting through our woollies.

Our thoughts are on a good many other things, too, which aren't so cheerful, things that are happening to the north, and over on the other side of the world.

Being human and therefore incapable of being consistently depressed until the bad things are happening actually to ourselves, we turn with relief to speculate on such things as longer hems and the new rounded hip.

Teen-agers who are going through their first experience of what a notion in the head of a Paris designer may do to an extant wardrobe should know that they ain't seen nothing yet.

Having grown up with Lana Turner fixed as an immutable shape in their minds, they may not realise that this year's changes may be only the beginning of a cycle that will call for some remarkable camouflages and developments in the figure.

They may take comfort in the fact that, provided they're not really overweight and they live long enough, fashion will give them all a turn.

For long skirts are a relief to bad legs, just as short skirts were a joy to those who had nothing but legs; and backless evening dresses gave a break to some who weren't so hot when viewed from the front.

TURNING regretfully to the unfrivolous happenings of the day, I was interested in the remarks of the British Minister for Health, Aneurin Bevan, on the subject of incentive payments in the building trades.

"It appears to be fundamental to all of us that we do not do our best work under sustained ideological inspiration," he said. "We have got to have some more material reward."

What he might have said was that it is extremely difficult to sustain ideological inspiration.

Some people can work for an idea—but most need more.

You see it over and over in voluntary work. At first there's no lack of volunteers to work hard for a cause they support. Gradually they slacken off, leaving the burden to be carried by the few who have greater staying power.

Those who believe earnestly in socialism believe they are working for a better future.

But it is hard for ordinary human beings to be satisfied with a future when the present is bleak. The present is the only reality. Anything may happen to-morrow, including being knocked over by a bus.

And it would be easier to be happy about the future if humans lived indefinitely and remained young. As it is, the cold thought strikes that when the good time comes those who have worked for it will be too old to enjoy it.

Most of us need something more concrete than that. And in Britain it must be indeed difficult to have faith in the better future, even if you believe, as I do, that Britain's plight to-day is no fault of her Government, but merely that of the waste of war.

THE director of the Chicago Zoo says that monkeys in cages think people are there for their amusement, not vice versa. Who's making a monkey out of whom?

BY



Dorothy Drain

MY mail this week includes a letter written on the back of a gymkhana programme from a man who tells me he wrote it leaning on his saddle.

The letter, unsigned, but very pleasant, encloses a cutting from a country paper paying a tribute to the job the women of the farms did during the war. With that I heartily agree—and it wasn't only during the war.

What intrigued me particularly was the writer's description of himself as a "shepherd." Shepherds I imagine as men with long crooks in children's picture books, and had never heard the term applied in Australia to those who look after sheep.

However, an officer of the Commonwealth Employment Service tells me that men working on grading properties describe themselves variously as boundary-rider, cowboy, musterer, shepherd, stockman, and stockrider, though the only two terms used on official records are boundary-rider and stockrider.

The research gave a pleasant flavor of "Banjo" Paterson and Adam Lindsay Gordon to the day.

They're all names that bring a breath of fresh air to the petrol fumes of Sydney. The only one I don't much like is cowboy. It sounds like an American importation, and we have a fine bush tradition of our own without borrowing from other people's Wild West.

ANOTHER letter this week comes from a Brisbane nurse, who agrees with my remarks about the inconsistency of being wrapped from neck to knee in wool, and then encased in thin silk. (26/7/47.)

She describes the horrors of having to button a white linen uniform over layers of wool, and tells me juniors sometimes go on night duty wearing long woollen socks or even pyjama pants tucked into socks (and uniform, of course).

I feel for anyone with a winter's wail, and hold that bears are among the few creatures who have a sensible cold weather programme.

In fact—

*I think I'd rather be a bear
Than any creature anywhere.
And while the icy blasts do blow,
Snug, fast asleep, I'd never know.
Just now I'd stretch myself and yawn,
Curl up, and wait for spring to dawn.
Of course I'd like a thing or two
That bears don't have to see me through,
Perhaps a book for wakeful patches,
Short stories I could read in snatches,
And even more importantly,
At intervals, a cuppa tea.*

AN English vicar recently protested against brides being late at the church.

He says he intends to increase his fees when the bride is late, hopes it will cure "this silly convention," which, he has heard, is followed so that the bride doesn't look too anxious to get to the altar.

Poor vicar. The brides will still probably be late, with the added excuse that if they hurried to his church it might look as if their husbands couldn't and wouldn't afford the higher fees.

Interesting People



MISS ELEANOR HOUSTON
... scores instead of thrillers

INSTEAD of settling down at night with a good murder mystery, talented Eleanor Houston, of Sydney, reads musical scores, becomes absorbed in them. Eleanor has a full-time job running her own dress-making business, but has found time in last five years to study singing seriously. She is a soprano and was chosen to go to Melbourne and make records of role of Tosca in Hector Crawford Productions' "Opera for the People."



MR. BROOKE CLAXTON
... barrister, soldier, statesman

LEADER of Canadian Delegation to the British Commonwealth discussions on Japan, beginning in Canberra on August 26, is Mr. Brooke Claxton, Canadian Minister for National Defence, who has had a distinguished career as barrister, soldier, and statesman. Born at Montreal, he was battery sergeant-major in 1914-18 war, was called to the Bar in 1921, elected to Parliament in 1940.



MISS BABS McDONALD
... writer and artist

UNUSUAL combination of copy writer and artist is career of clever Babs McDonald, 23-year-old Sydney girl. This week she adds to her output by producing a children's book, "Pamela Finds the Rainbow Castle," published by John Sands, with 12 full-page illustrations by the author. She wrote her first story at 16. Favorite pastime is repairing her car. Says: "I always seem to be pulling that engine to pieces."



CATCHER BOAT, with harpoon gunner on board, returns to factory ship with its haul. Three fin whales are being towed on starboard side.



HARPOON LINES are prepared on board the Hashidate Maru by expert members of the crew. The silken lines are then transhipped to the catcher boats.



EXPLOSIVE CHARGE is contained in head of the harpoon, held here by members of the crew. Japanese abandoned the electric harpoon as difficult to repair.

Whales are coveted treasure trove of Antarctic

"Thar she blows!" is thrilling cry in any language there

Re-establishment of the Antarctic whaling industry in 1946-47 by permission of the Supreme Command Allied Powers is of great interest to Australia and to other countries which formerly engaged in whaling in the Antarctic.

Strong protests greeted the decision on August 7, 1946, to allow the Japanese to conduct the first postwar expedition in these rich whaling grounds.

MANY reasons influenced these protests.

The wastefulness and inefficiency of Japanese methods of processing, the flagrant breaches of international whaling regulations by Japanese expeditions before the war, and the fact that the whaling fleet constituted a definite war potential were all reasons for dissatisfaction.

As a result, authorisation was given for one season only, under international supervision, and an Australian observer accompanied the expedition.

This year, however, a second Japanese expedition was authorised, and will sail if Japanese finance is available.

As well, an Australian scientific expedition will survey the whaling grounds.

Australian Kenneth Coonan, 29-year-old ex-R.A.N. officer, of Bondi, who was selected as observer for last year's expedition, tells of Japanese methods of capturing and killing whales.

Coonan set out from Tokyo on the whaling factory-ship Hashidate Maru, a converted tanker, accompanied by Lieutenant D. McCracken, of G.H.Q. Tokyo, appointed by the Supreme Allied Command.

Master of the Hashidate Maru was Captain Dai Miyata, who had made six Antarctic whaling expeditions. Mr. Coonan says Miyata was particularly adept at forecasting the weather two or three days ahead.

This knowledge is essential on a whaling expedition, because ships can drift for days when a fog is encountered and because of the risk of icebergs.

The Hashidate Maru was accompanied by six catcher boats, each carrying a crew of 21, and equipped with harpoon-gun and harpoons.

Harpoon-lines are made ready when a whale is sighted, one with a long spliced silken line which enables the harpoon to carry true, and a second one without the lead, which is fired into the whale at point-blank range.

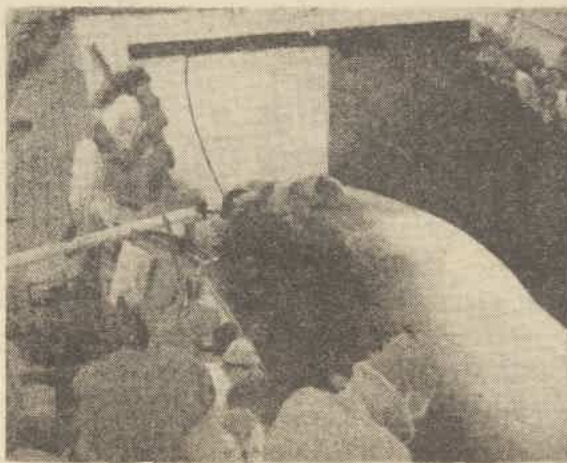
Three species of whale are valued by whalers for the oil and blubber they produce—the blue whale, which averages 78ft. in length; the fin whale, 68ft., with a sharp dorsal fin similar to that of a shark; and the sperm whale, which is fairly rare.

Whales search for "krill," their main food, at the edge of the ice-pack in the early morning, and return there in the evening. During the day they swim about to the north of the pack.

"We arrived on the whaling grounds on December 15 on one of the chasers, and on arriving at the ice-pack I was surprised to see so many blue whales in the one area," Mr. Coonan said.

"Everywhere I looked there were blue whales blowing, and the first chase lasted about two hours."

"We did not make a kill, however,



CARCASS OF WHALE is towed to factory ship and hauled up slipway by heaving line and chain. Two forty-ton winches raise it on to the flensing deck.

for it was not until the gunner was ready to fire that we discovered the catcher had been chasing a cow and calf.

"On the third day we took two finback whales."

All the activities of the hunt are conducted from the catcher boats, from the time the whale is seen blowing until the carcass is flagged and pumped with air to add to its buoyancy for towing.

As soon as the whale is killed, however, it is taken over by the factory ship, which has a crew of 304, who do the flensing (cutting up), salting the meat, and processing of bones and blubber in the boilers to obtain the oil.

Mr. Coonan found much to disapprove of in the Japanese method of processing, which was left to workers, few of whom were more than 20 years old.

Bones and ribs were left lying

round the flensing deck, making work both dangerous and difficult, and reducing the oil content, he reported.

Rich oil-bearing bones were discarded, and oil production was not high, because the Japanese obviously placed greater emphasis on edible products.

This emphasis on the production of meat was estimated to have caused a loss of 3000 tons of oil valued at £300,000.

Increase in salted meat, however, was considerable, and was considered by the United States to have lessened materially their burden in making up the deficiency in Japanese foodstuffs.

Japanese masters and harpoon-gunners are well skilled in the ways of whales. Early in the expedition a blue whale was sighted which did not swim in the usual straight line to escape.

Just when the gunner decided it was tiring the whale would sound and come up on the starboard side of the ship, resting until noticed.

"We had no chance of killing him; he knew evasion tactics too well," Coonan said. "He had evidently been chased before, so was granted safe passage."

When two adult blue or fin whales are sighted swimming together they are invariably male and female, and the gunner always kills the female first.

If the male is killed first the female makes off at top speed, whereas her faithful spouse refuses to leave the spot if the female is killed.

The Japanese do not use electricity in killing whales, although it is more humane and prevents the carcass submerging before it can be towed.

The whaling industry was abandoned during the war, because all available vessels were requisitioned as tankers or other wartime craft.

Present shortage of raw materials and the high price obtained for whale oil, blubber, and salted meat have given whaling a prominent position among the postwar industries of the world.

British and Norwegian expeditions found before the war they could process from 18 to 20 tons of oil per blue whale.

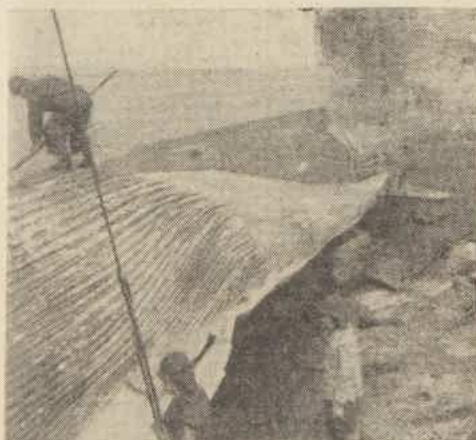
Present value of this product is estimated at close on £100 a ton.

Salted blubber and meat have also become an important source of food, because of world shortages.

There is no doubt that more modern methods could be introduced in the whaling industry, which, apart from harpoon guns, operates almost as it did in the days of Herman Melville's classic, "Moby Dick."

When the Australian industry is re-established, many improvements on the Japanese methods can be expected, as well as greater economy in processing.

But no amount of modernisation will wipe out the thrill of whaling, or the excitement of hearing the traditional cry, "Thar she blows!"



FLENSING CREW get to work on carcass at once, cutting blubber in straight line from tail to ear. A winch helps tear away strips of blubber from body.



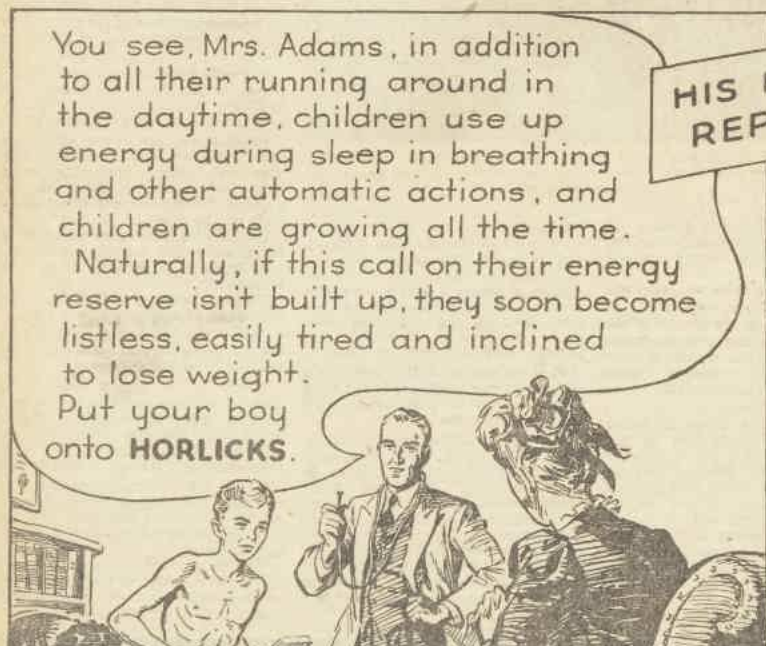
WHALE MEAT is removed in huge strips from backbone and ribs and taken to foredeck for salting and drying. Care must be taken that it does not spoil on return trip.



BLUBBER STRIPS are also cut up on flensing deck by Japanese and salted for use as food. Blubber and bones from blue whale yield highest oil content.



BACKWARD for his age!



Each glass of Horlicks* before bed gives you . .

PROTEIN—essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities cannot be made good.

FAT—almost entirely derived from milk; and efficient source of energy and of vitamins A and D.

CARBOHYDRATE—chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of particular value to young children.

MINERAL SALTS—to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

CALCIUM—of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.

VITAMINS A, B, B₂ and D—each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.

* Made with milk.



HORLICKS

The complete, BALANCED food drink



LN7-2

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep



AN EVENING JUMPER shown with sequins. (See letter.)

FOR the past ten years Mrs. Keep has occupied a prominent position in journalism, and has won for herself a wide reputation as a top-ranking adviser on dress problems. Mrs. Keep will advise readers how to select their clothes with care, and offers to every woman her co-operation in the matter of planning a wardrobe with due regard to suitability and cost.

We feel sure that readers will appreciate this individual fashion service.

Betty Keep is an outstanding example of a woman who successfully manages a home and a career.

She has three children—Margot, aged 16; Tony, aged 22, and Dickie, aged 12.

When they were out of the nursery stage she looked around for something fresh to do, and as she had always been interested in fashion and the problems of a woman who endeavors to keep herself and her family smart and well dressed on a limited budget, she decided to specialise in this branch of fashion service.

She says she herself has never owned a large wardrobe.

"My guiding principle," she says, "has always been to have a small, carefully considered collection of clothes."

"Then I aim at perfection in accessories."

"Hats are my real fashion hobby, and to buy one once a week is my fashion dream."

"Actually, I buy two new ones every season."

"Modern living is too streamlined to have much of any one thing—least of all clothes."

"For the daytime I like rather

● Latest addition to the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly is Mrs. Betty Keep. This week Mrs. Keep makes her debut in The Australian Women's Weekly by launching a new feature—Dress Sense.

Object of the feature is to widen our fashion service to readers by including practical advice on their individual dress problems.

tailored clothes, but evening dress should be chosen to be seductive and make the wearer prettier."

Mrs. Keep thinks 1947 fashions are gorgeous, but that women should study carefully their types and proportions and dress accordingly.

"Why wear a sweater if you haven't a sweater figure or pad your hips if nature has got in first?" is her comment.

Mrs. Keep's fashion knowledge extends to designing patterns for the home dressmaker, and she considers this one of the most fascinating aspects of her job.

"I consider a pattern design should be simply cut, not a frustrated work of art," she said.

"Current trends should be modified."

"Study current trends by all means, but don't think you can get away with it every time."

"I settle for one in ten."

Readers' queries

I HAVE selected these dress problems from recent letters sent to The Australian Women's Weekly by readers in need of advice.

I shall be happy to help any reader with any similar problems.

Please write to me and address your letters to—

Betty Keep,
The Australian Women's Weekly,
Box 4088, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

"What type of blouse or over-blouse would be suitable to wear with a slim black satin skirt? I will make it myself and intend using sequins for the trimming. I would like some advice on the subject."

An evening jumper, or, if you prefer to call it so, an over-blouse, would be newer than a tuck-in blouse. The main point is to achieve a moulded look at the neckline. Long moulded sinuous lines are essentials of spring styles. Certainly use sequins for trimming. Begin by taking needle and sequins in hand and sew the sequins in stripes right across the front. An alternative idea would be a personal monogram on a pocket.



A DRAPED FROCK for the bride, at a quiet wedding.

Second marriage

"What type of ensemble should a woman marrying for the second time wear for a small wedding which will take place at 4.30 p.m.?"

Choice is almost unlimited, the main thing is to choose something becoming and something to suit the wearer's type. If you like tailored clothes, you could plan a printed silk dress and a wool jacket.

Perhaps cocoa wool for the jacket and a beige-and-white print for the dress. Or you might consider a street-length draped dress and chic hat if you prefer a more feminine line.

Note the drape this spring is often side-focused—termed side-swing draping.

Whether you carry flowers is a matter of personal taste. A small spray pinned at the waist or on the lapel looks best with street-length dresses.



MRS. BETTY KEEP, who is conducting our new feature—Dress Sense.

The longer jacket

"Is the lengthening line in suits here to stay? And is it the only length considered fashionable? I am only average in build and height and feel a long jacket would not flatter my figure."

The longer jacket is real fashion news, although no one can tell how long a trend will last. Fifteen inches from the floor is an average skirt length, but this, like all other fashion edicts, may be adjusted to suit your proportions.

But the longer jacket is not the only line. A jacket can range from 14 inches (the bell-hop) to 37 inches (tunic length).

If you are planning on a suit to last three or four seasons, the most desirable is classic style, double-breasted with a simple gored skirt.

Looking ahead

"I'm quite hopeless at planning my wardrobe, and would be grateful for your advice. I have plenty of clothes—in fact, too many—but never seem to have the correct outfit for the occasion, or the correct accessories. Color, too, is a problem; nothing seems to match or harmonise. Would you give me some basic rules that might help me?"

Yours is a very common fashion fault, and yet it is easily corrected. The secret is organisation. The way to organise your clothes life is to buy only clothes that do harmonise. You should plan not only for the moment, but for the season ahead. Take a long view when buying a coat or suit. Both should



THE CLASSIC SUIT—universally becoming.

serve your purpose for at least three or four seasons.

Never buy any garment without thinking "Have I the necessary accessories, or can I afford new ones?"

Always select a basic color and be sure it is becoming. Lastly, take into consideration whether the greater part of your life is spent out-of-doors, in an office, or at home, and plan the biggest part of your wardrobe for that purpose.

BABY BANTERS

Suppose they switch the labels

By Constance Bannister



Oh, me, what a problem!



That stuff I just ate was delicious.



But that other stuff was awful.



Now which did Mum say was spinach?

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 16, 1947

Page 13

Stroke grey streaks away with Hillcastle Hair Pencil — 7 colours — long lasting. All chemists, hairdressers, and stores.

Arrival of shipments
of COD LIVER OIL used in

'HYPOL'

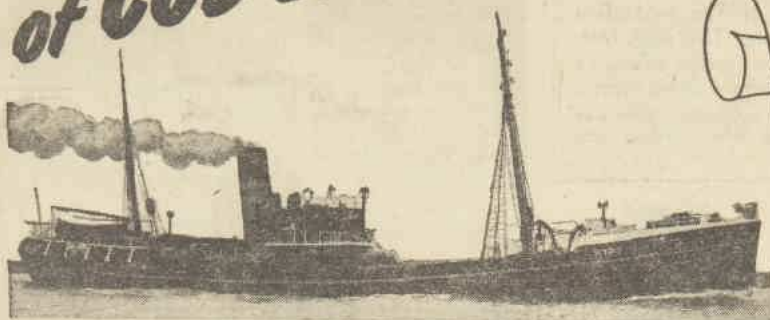


Photo by courtesy British Cod Liver Oils (Hull & Grimsby) Ltd.
The trawler "St. Achilleus" (H.127) leaving Grimsby Harbour for the cod fishing grounds in the North Sea and Arctic Ocean. The pure genuine cod liver oil is rendered at sea from absolutely fresh livers and produced on board modern trawlers of the type illustrated above.

'HYPOL' contains 100% pure genuine COD LIVER OIL

Cod liver oil, because of its well-known therapeutic value, is one of the principal ingredients in 'Hypol'. Despite many difficulties this year—storms, snow, and floods—British Cod Liver Oils (Hull and Grimsby) Ltd. have continued to send pure genuine cod liver oil for the manufacture of 'Hypol'.

Before leaving Britain, and after tests, a Certificate of Purity and Biological Value is issued with each shipment, and after arrival in Australia the cod liver oil is again tested. This is your Guarantee that the cod liver oil used in the manufacture of 'Hypol' conforms in all respects to the specification of the British Pharmacopoeia.

BANISH COUGHS & COLDS & WINTER ILLS WITH 'HYPOL'

Medical Science has proved the value of cod liver oil (natural source of Vitamins A and D) in building up the body and warding off illness and disease. 'Hypol' contains pure genuine cod liver oil, together with calcium and sodium hypophosphites. 'Hypol' promotes strong, natural, healthy growth in infants and children, and builds up body resistance to infection and disease in both old and young alike. Build up body resistance to winter ills and disease with 'Hypol'.

Special Message to Mothers:

An excellent way to give 'Hypol' to infants is by adding the required dose to the feeding bottle. 'Hypol', if taken in milk or other infant-feeding preparations, disperses easily throughout the mixture and is readily taken by the youngest infant. You can have every confidence in 'Hypol'.

DOSAGE FOR INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN:

| | |
|--|---------------|
| 6 months to 12 months, 1/3 teaspoonful | 3 times daily |
| One year to 2 years, 1/2 teaspoonful | 3 times daily |
| 3 years to 7 years, 1 teaspoonful | 3 times daily |
| 7 years to 10 years, 2 teaspoonfuls | 3 times daily |
| 10 years to 14 years, 3 teaspoonfuls | 3 times daily |
| 14 years and upwards, 1 tablespoonful | 3 times daily |

Take 'HYPOL' daily for good health!
BUY YOUR BOTTLE TO-DAY

Certificate of Purity and Biological Value

It is Certified that the consignment mentioned herein is Pure Genuine Cod Liver Oil rendered at sea from absolutely fresh livers and produced on board the trawlers of our own fishing fleets.

Further, it has been examined and tested physically, chemically and biologically by the standard methods.

Also it has been found to possess an odour and taste consistent with it being a Pure Undenatured Cod Liver Oil and to conform in all respects to the Specification of the British Pharmacopoeia for Cod Liver Oil.

Certified by BRITISH COD LIVER OILS (HULL & GRIMSBY) LTD.



Chief Biological Chemist.

Certificate of Purity and Biological Value issued by British Cod Liver Oils (Hull and Grimsby) Ltd. with each consignment of Pure Cod Liver Oil.



Biological Test Station—photo by courtesy British Cod Liver Oils (Hull & Grimsby) Ltd.

After treatment the pure genuine cod liver oil is examined and tested physically, chemically and biologically by British Cod Liver Oils (Hull and Grimsby) Ltd. at the Biological Test Station.

'HYPOL' is the proved family
medicine for these complaints:

Coughs Colds
Bronchitis Influenza
General Debility
Loss of Weight
Loss of Energy
Convalescence
Malnutrition

GUARANTEE.—Every bottle of 'Hypol' is guaranteed to contain the specified ingredients and potencies on the label. This is your SAFE-GUARD—there is no substitute for 'Hypol'.

SEND A
FOOD PARCEL
TO BRITAIN



As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

LEONIANS, Sagittarians, and Arlans can turn opportunities into success this week, for the stars favor promotions, change, and general good fortune.

Caution is needed by Taurians, Scorpions, and Aquarians during the present period, however, for discord and upsets are likely.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): August 13 and 14 poor, but 15 (except 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.) excellent, so use fully. August 16 (except 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.) good, 17 very good for gains.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Avoid selfishness or rashness this week, for they can bring regrets. Be particularly cautious on August 15 and 16, and live quietly.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): August 12 (after 9 a.m.), 15 (after dusk), and 16 (midday or after 7 p.m.) all very fair. August 17 and 18 confusing; 19 (except 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.) helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Opportunities and change likely on August 13 (to dusk), 14, 15 (evening), and 17 (to dusk), so use wisely. August 18 (sunset) very fair, 19 poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Keep busy and seek goals now. August 15 (to 2 p.m.) good, 16 (except sunrise) very good, 17 (except dawn) excellent. Use fully.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Unexpected pleasure possible on



"I suggest you take a six, which will shrink to a four when you wash it—and that will just fit him if he's two."

August 17 (after 5 a.m.), so use fully and seek gains. August 18 also helpful.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): August 15 (after dusk) good, 17 (after 5 a.m.) very good, so use wisely. August 19 (3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) tricky, otherwise helpful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Difficulties abound this week, so be discreet, especially on August 13, 15, and 16. August 19 (early and late) also poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Work hard now and complete urgent matters. August 15 (morning and evening) excellent, 16 (except 4 p.m.) good, 17 deceptively good.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Plan ahead for good weeks to come. Meanwhile keep to routine tasks. August 15 (evening) fair, 17 (after 5 a.m.) very good, so use well.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Live quietly and discreetly now and avoid upsets. August 15 (evening), 16 (difficult), 19 (early) poor. Keep to routine now.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): August 13 (to dusk) fair, 14 and 15 helpful for minor affairs. August 17 and 18 tricky, so live cautiously.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: 25-26 (25-26 expire August 18, when 27-40 become available).
BUTTER: 25-27 (expire August 18, when 28-30 become available).
MEAT: Black, 27-29 (expire August 18, when 31-33 become available); green, 35-37 (expire August 18, when 38, 39 become available).
CLOTHING: 1-50 current.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 16, 1947

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, set off on a yachting expedition in The Argos with
COLONEL BARTON: Wealthy explorer and scientist, and his daughter Betty, in search of rare flame-colored pearls. There is unrest

among the crew, for First-mate Sims has heard of the mission, and begins plotting with
CAPTAIN BEEKER: Who is in charge of the yacht, to obtain the pearls for themselves. Mandrake comes on deck to find Beeker forcing his attentions on Betty, and makes the Captain look foolish. NOW READ ON:



PLEASE DON'T TELL DAD WHAT HAPPENED. HE'S SO HOT-TEMPERED AND I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL OUR TRIP JUST AT THE BEGINNING. I DON'T THINK BEEKER WILL BOTHER ME AGAIN.

I WON'T SAY A WORD, BETTY.



OH THERE YOU ARE, MANDRAKE. WE'RE ANCHORING HERE. SEA'S SO CALM, I FEEL LIKE SOME UNDERWATER EXPLORING. WANT TO JOIN ME? MIGHT FIND SOME SPECIMENS.

I'D ENJOY IT, COLONEL BARTON.



SIMS, I WANT MANDRAKE OUT OF THE WAY, NOW! IT'D BE JUST TOO BAD IF HIS AIR-LINE GOT KNOTTED.

I GET YOU, BEEKER. AIR-LINES GET KNOTTED ALL THE TIME, DON'T THEY? ACCIDENTAL-LIKE!



WANT TO COME ALONG, LOTHAR?

WALKING UNDER OCEAN IS FOR FISH! ME MAN. ME WATCH FROM HERE.



A MONSTROUS PACIFIC OCTOPUS RISES OUT OF THE ROCKS!



WHAT'S THAT DOWN THERE? CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT? LOOKS LIKE--AN OCTOPUS!

MASTER GOT SPEAR. HIM NO AFRAID OCTOPUSES.

TO BE CONTINUED

KLIPPER PURE WOOL TIES and Dressing Gowns are Now Obtainable from all Stores and Mercers throughout Australia.



EARLY ARRIVALS. Mrs. Anthony Hordern, junior, came to the premiere of The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parade with Mrs. Dudley Hardy. Parade, which was arranged as a dinner dance at Prince's, was first of its kind to be held in Australia.



SOIGNEE. Mrs. Neil Ackland wore beautiful gown of black ottoman silk with braided shoulders and bustle when she attended premiere with her husband.

Intimate Gleanings

TAKES me back to dear old days when woman's crowning glory really was her hair when I look around me at Prince's at glamorous premiere of The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parade.

Local matrons and ladies take up challenge of Paris and come arrayed in smartest gowns plus wonderful hair-dos.

Dashing male escorts gaze in admiration and wonder as their lovely ladies' heads piled high with shining tresses, sweep down carpeted stairs of Prince's.

Chignons, plaits, topknot buns (in all sizes) adorne curls are worn by elaborately dressed spectators.

Envy written on many feminine faces as French mannequins paraded... this time with hair simply down, and next in twinkling of an eye

with wonderful swirl of topknots and curls. Few Australian women have yet mastered art of adjusting their chignons with the flick of the wrist as have our French sisters.

GALA premiere was first fashion parade with French models to be held as dinner dance. Prince's beautifully decorated for occasion with exotic boughs of trees on which perched native, brightly hued birds. Pastel-pink lights kindly glowed on tables, which were decorated with white camellias, and banks of white stock wafted sweet perfume through restaurant.

SOCIAL Sydney en fete at parade, and many members of audience almost seem to be vying with mannequins when they appear in their lovely model gowns.

Wife of Minister for France, Madame Pierre Augé, chooses favorite French combination of black and oyster for her ensemble, a black velvet skirt topped with an oyster satin jacket. Madame Augé carried a huge fox fur muff.

Black was a favorite with other charming guests, too. Noticed Mrs. Ernest Watt wearing frothy black lace gown, while Mrs. George Stening looked super in a black taffeta and velvet striped gown featuring hand-made roses in soft pastel pink at neckline. Mrs. Stening wore her blonde hair dressed with a plait.

Fresh white camellias to match the decor of Prince's were used as trimming for Madame Caroline Chamberlain's Paris model fashioned of exquisite white satin.

GAY time for country folk Barraba, Orange, and Wellington all in news for social "doings." Matrons' Ball in Orange is first to be held since war years and is whopping success. Mrs. James Crawford, of Mayfield, Orange, and Mrs. Tim Merewether, of Frisby, Cudal, started idea off again.



LOVELY CHIFFON FROCK worn by Mrs. Pat Field, who is photographed with her father, Mr. H. M. Macken. Mr. and Mrs. Macken entertained large party at premiere, including Adelaide visitors Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Hayward.



CHOSE COLLECTION in Paris. Mrs. Mary Hordern, who chose beautiful collection of clothes for French Parades during recent trip to Paris, sits with Minister for France (M. Pierre Augé), who opened parade at Prince's. Mrs. Hordern wore a Jean Desset model of lilac satin with deeper shaded draped bodice. Her long suede gloves matched the deeper tone of her frock.



FOUR LOVELY MATRONS. Mrs. Ernest Watt (left), Mrs. Elspeth Vincent, Mrs. Keith Martin and Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, noted as four of Sydney's women attend parade together.



WATCHING PARADE. Mrs. Claude Healy (left), Mr. Noel Vincent (in background), Mr. Healy, and Mrs. Noel Vincent made cheery tour at parade. Mrs. Vincent, who recently returned from trip to Paris, has many French gowns.



BALENCIAGA MODEL worn by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, who attends premiere of The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parade at Prince's with her husband, Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones, who recently injured his ankle.



SHELL-PINK SATIN strapless gown worn by lovely young matron, Mrs. John Bovill, when she attends premiere of French Fashion Parade with Barbara Moore.

LOCAL hostesses have houses full of guests from Sydney and other country districts. On day following ball the Jim Crawfords entertain at all-day tennis party, commencing with breakfast at 10 a.m. and ending up with beer party in evening. Their house guests include the Tim Whitneys, the Gordon Brownhills, the Gordon Triggs, John Whitney, Hugh Rowlands, Margaret's two sisters, Mrs. Charles McDermott and Alison Stephen, with Dr. McDermott, come from Sydney. Others are the Gordon Edgells, the Milt Loneragans, and Mrs. Bev Mackay. The MacSmiths entertain Elizabeth Northcott, and Mrs. John Warry entertains guests from Wellington district.

BARRABA'S tennis is a four-day marathon, and guests start out right after breakfast, having morning tea, lunch, and afternoon tea served in picnic style at the tennis club by women's committee. Highlights of four days' festivities is the Ted Cappers' buffet dinner party, when between 60 and 70 guests are entertained before ball at night; Sunday night party given by John McKinlay for his guests and friends.

TWELVE months away in London and then a visit to Europe and America for six months before returning to Australia is programme of the Alan Miltons, of Bellevue Hill. Alan will take postgraduate scholarship in Civil Engineering at King's College, London University. Before her marriage Mrs. Milton was Marla Apte, daughter of the H. D. Aptes, of Randwick.

CELEBRATION at Christy's for Shirley Wilson and fiancé Graham Barnes, who announce engagement. Shirley is second daughter of Mrs. Wilson, of Harris Park, formerly Moore, and the late C. C. Wilson. Graham, who is doing Engineering at University, is youngest son of the C. M. Barnes, of Roseville. Shirley is wearing a super two-diamond engagement ring.

RETURNED from honeymoon at Katoomba are Kenneth Cumpton and his bride, formerly Shirley Hodder, who were married recently at St. Barnabas', Ingleburn. Shirley is the only daughter of Mrs. Hodder, of Ingleburn, and the late C. W. Hodder. Kenneth first came to Australia with the R.N.

MUCH country interest when Mary Ross, second daughter of the R. B. Ross, of Jellambi, Harden, announces engagement to Bill Armstrong, elder son of the A. C. Armstrongs, of Wollstonecraft. Mary is wearing a beautiful sapphire and diamond ring. So far no date has been set for wedding, but I'm told it's sure to take place in Ross Memorial Church, Harden, built by Mary's grandfather, the late William Ross, of Garangula, Harden.

POLOCROSSE seems to be all the rage at the moment. Burradoo Polocrosse Club has cheery weekend matches complete with picnic lunches, where "players and stayers" boil billy over huge log fires. Burradoo has match with visiting team captained by Del Throsby, of Throsby Park, Moss Vale. Main event of day is match between Burradoo and Parakeets. President of Parakeets team, Gordon Collum, and his wife motor from Sydney to game with Anne Campbell and her cousin, Mrs. John Emery. The Sam Stirlings, who recently returned from honeymooning in Hobart, also among guests.

Joyce

The little woman . . .



"Anything I can do to help, dear? Light the candles, maybe?"



"Garden? No, I'm going in to clean young Jimmy's room!"



"Okay, dear, I've stopped the electricity."

WORTH Reporting

WHEN we heard that Salvador Dali, the surrealist artist, was turning his eccentric talent to designing women's hats and clothes, we were avid to hear more.

Our New York office wired to California, where Mr. Dave Hoff, a United Press correspondent, had a breathless interview with Dali at the Del Monte Lodge, a luxury hotel.

The story goes like this (writes Hoff). Dali rushes into the Monkey Room at the Del Monte Lodge, meets a moment at the murals, which only show ordinary monkeys doing commonplace things like playing golf and tennis, tosses off a duhonnnet, watching the while at the door for the arrival of Madame Dali.

"Everything is beginning to take shape," he proclaims with gestures. "But nothing is complete. They are for an exhibition in November. Atomic ideas, you know! Everything will be detached—come apart."

From a heady mixture of French, Spanish, and English emerges the new Dali silhouette for midday.

"A woman's form must be changed," Dali explodes, while conversation at other tables dwindles.

"This becomes a Daliesque silhouette—produced of many artificial sections of anatomy. You see the woman of to-day, woman is much too sportive, no? Too practical in her clothes. She has many strategic parts, but they all show as they actually are."

"A woman in dress should be contrary to nude."

A chesty blonde slips into a chair at the next table, and her companions caution her to listen.

"The breasts"—motions with hands—"are not important. The thing is the hips. Christian Dior is the French fashion designer who is an admirer of my canvases."

"After 20 years of my work, Dior's styles to-day point out the most important anatomy of the feminine body—the hips."

"Now is a new silhouette." He grabs a pencil. "The breasts are flat." (The blonde at the next table winks.)

"But the shoulder-blades, they are pointed. Like wings."

"Still, the hips are the important thing. Artificial hips bones."

"In back, flat, at the sides, full. The hips bones forward a little."

"Mr. Dali," interrupts a waiter, "Madame Dali is in the dining-room, waiting." Dali bounds to his feet, bows, and is gone.

Conversation in the Monkey Room returns to normal pitch. The newspaper and pencil still lie on the table, and a few persons come over to look, including the blonde.

"They are seeing the Daliesque woman of to-morrow, a perfect picture of a buxom, well-busted woman—only she is walking backwards!"

Animal Antics



"Light or dark, Mrs. Sweeney?"

The grand manner

THE verve of Czech conductor Kubelik has been fascinating Australian audiences, but we feel his platform manner is restrained in comparison with Louis Antoine Julien, 19th century conductor described by the English musical authority George Marek.

Julien dressed in an elaborate velvet suit with wide lace cuffs to frame his hands, and always used a silver baton inlaid with jewels.

Not only was he long-haired, but he had a long black moustache which conveniently ebbed and flowed with the tempo.

At the end of the work he would seize a violin and play with the orchestra, then sink, exhausted, into a large armchair in the centre of the platform.

He always conducted Beethoven symphonies wearing kid gloves, which were handed to him on a silver platter at the beginning of the performance.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"When I put you in charge of the grub committee, Thomas, I thought you'd bring something more than eight packages of marshmallows."

Information, please

"DO white ants digest the food they eat?" "Are the Danes a merry people?" "Did Billy Hughes have a moustache when he entered politics?"

This is not a national quiz, but just some of the questions that burn up the wires between the great Victorian public and the Melbourne Library "Quiz Kids" in the inquiry section.

But Mr. Colin McCallum, who is the Chief Librarian and has been with the library since 1919, told us that it gets exasperating at times.

For instance, the other day a woman rang to ask if a certain book on pottery was available.

A reply in the affirmative produced the request: "Would you bring it to the phone, turn to page 162 and read the top half of the page, please?"

While the girl read it out the caller wrote it down in longhand.

Then came the explanation: "My pup got hold of the book this morning and chewed up the top of page 162."

Another woman came into the library with a recipe for mayonnaise. Her query: What was the probable extent of the Australian market for it.

THERE is a firm at Bourke, N.S.W., called "Amorous Motors."

Showman's memories

THE frothy and tuneful era of George Robey, Wilkie Bard, Lily Langtry, Marie Lloyd, the Lupino Brothers and countless others was never forgotten by picturesque Henry Joyner, who died in Sydney recently, aged 81.

At one time owner and manager of three of London's biggest music-halls, Henry Joyner retired and came to Australia 23 years ago, but never lost his love of vaudeville and the theatre.

Until illness confined him to his home three years ago, he spent his days visiting players at Sydney theatres and radio stations.

When radio artists wanted advice on old-time musical numbers and acts they looked for him in the little office of his friend Bill Dent, of the N.S.W. staff of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

He left a number of legacies to old-time artists now living in Australia and England.

Henry Joyner gave Sir Harry Lauder his first music-hall engagement, at £8 a week. He increased this payment to £14 a week within a short time because of Lauder's immediate popularity.



"Why, Paul, you're not company; you're like one of the family."



"Does that sound reasonable enough, dear, or shall I get another estimate?"

George Robey first worked for him in 1895 for £5 a week, and others who began their careers in his music-halls and returned again as stars included Lily Langtry, Marie Lloyd, and the Lupino Brothers.

Charles Chaplin, when 11 years old, worked for him as a member of a team of clog-dancers, and Chaplin's parents appeared regularly in his halls between 1895 and 1905.

Chaplin, sen., was billed as a "descriptive singer" and his wife, known professionally as Jessie Hartley, as a "serio-comic."

Solved difficulty

AN Englishwoman who has lived in Sydney for 30 years has always sent money home each year to pay for the upkeep of her mother's grave in Surrey.

She was taken aback to find she could not do so this year. The Post Office authorities said she could only send the money to England if it was a gift.

She wrote about her difficulty to a London friend. The friend paid the cemetery fee, wrote back and asked the Australian to send wool instead of the money.

Which was a satisfactory solution.



"Go right on shaving, dear; you're not in my way."

11 PAGES *of Spring Fashion Patterns!*



- ★ Headway for spring—glamour goes to your head in these overseas model hats.
- ★ Spring Thoughts from New York—flattering afternoon dresses you won't be able to wait to copy.
- ★ Black Magic.
- ★ Glamourising Cotton—three crisp-as-candy cottons for teen-agers.
- ★ To dance the hours away—two adorable evening dresses in the new short length.
- ★ Yours to choose—a display of outstanding Australian fabrics.
- ★ Versatile three-way summer felt hat.
- ★ Article—Interpretation of spring.



PLUS

EIGHT BIG SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FEATURES

- ★ Special Concession pattern—a floral-and-plain afternoon frock that's both smart and pretty.
- ★ Lovely film star Jane Wyman models a career dress with unusual surplice front and slim skirt.
- ★ Double page of pretty undies . . . special maternity set as well as tailored slips and nighties.
- ★ For the outdoor girl—two pages of sportswear—spectator and active.
- ★ Five pretty spring blouses.
- ★ Pattern for that corduroy suit you've always wanted.
- ★ A striped button-down-the-front frock with cunning sleeves.
- ★ Frocks and suits for the junior members of the family.



PLUS 5 KNITTING DESIGNS

- ★ Little boy's woollen suit.
- ★ Jerkin and blouse for the young miss.
- ★ Smooth classic cardigan with welted front.
- ★ To top your evening skirt—Vanity Fair evening sweater with fringed sleeves.
- ★ Muffin beret in easy-to-crochet raffia.



Get your copy of the August Issue of the

AUSTRALIAN

Home Budget

92 PAGES • NOW ON SALE • PRICE 6d.

Cocker of the Walk

Continued from page 3

AFTER a moment I cut an eye round at this Bill Wainwright to see what impression I was making. Obviously good. A big, unburned fellow with nice eyes, he looked as though he had just sustained a severe shock.

"Fine little pup," he said huskily, "quite promising."

I waited patiently while he ran over me with very knowing hands. It was a long time before he said: "He's a wonderful puppy."

"I think so, too," Christine said. She had stiffened up, as she does when she thinks someone is going to try and swindle her about a dog, which is practically all the time.

"He was father's favorite—I'm going to show him for the first time at the Garden in February, as father had planned."

"You're showing him for the first time at the Garden? A little untied pup?" He laughed, sat down on the edge of the table, lighted a cigarette, and said in a kind voice that didn't fool me much: "Look, Miss Morgan, don't mind if I'm frank. Neither you nor your grand little pup has enough experience for the tough competition of the Garden."

He sat there, swinging his leg and smiling a little, a very nice, very rich young man of the world. But I could tell, from the hungry quiver in his hand as he ran it over my back, just how much he wanted me. "For instance, he'll be up against spaniels of the calibre of my own Flayaway Queen. You'd do far better to sell him to me." And then he mentioned a sum of money so big it took my breath away.

Why, I thought, with all that money all Christine's troubles will be over. I prepared to change hands, wondering if I could have one last word with mamma before I went

then he'd go and try to wheedle Christine, and after a while they'd both blow up.

"What's the earthly difference?" he'd shout. "He'd be shown at the Garden as Morgan's Black Pepper, with your father down as breeder. Who cares whether you own him or I own him? I should think you'd sell him to me in simple justice to the poor dog. With a greenhorn like you falling all over him in the ring, he's a dead pigeon!"

Mamma said she could see the difference. Christine wanted me to win while I was still a Morgan Kennel dog, shown by Jack Morgan's daughter. Besides, mamma said human love is a very confused thing, and Christine, who is proud and hot-tempered, would feel better about loving Bill if she could give him one good shelling in the show ring. That I don't understand, but no doubt mamma is right.

Anyway, that was how things were, with a bottle of red ink on the office desk right next to the ledger, and Christine, between love and bills, very edgy, when George, the kennelman, went off to a dog show in another district, then wrote to Christine that he'd taken a job at another kennel.

Well, this really was something. Good kennelmen were as rare as pearls in oysters nowadays.

"I know very well who did it to me, Pepper," she raged, panting with exertion and temper as she walked me up and down to improve my gait. "That Bill Wainwright! He was at that show, too, and he'd do anything to get you. He thinks I'll have to give up without a kennelman, but I won't!"

A couple of weeks went by and we didn't hear from Bill except for a flock of cheery wires, telling Christine how well he was doing at a round of dog shows.

And then one evening, a week before my debut at the Garden, something woke me. "Ow-uff," I yawned, and was just curling up again, when I heard mamma's voice.

"You, Pepper," she said irritably. "I thought you'd been chloroformed. What goes on in the office?"

I went to the door of my kennel and looked out.

Christine was asleep in the chair at the office table. Bill Wainwright was standing over her, smiling a little, then he leaned over, kissed her cheek very gently so as not to wake her, and went and sat down in the other chair.

She woke up almost immediately though, and saw Bill. "Oh!" she said. "Hello, beautiful. I missed you."

"That's big of you," she said.

He screwed his eyebrows down, a trick he has when puzzled. "What causes the sharp chill in here, h'm?" Christine just looked at him. I was glad I wasn't at the other end of that look. "You wouldn't know?"

"No, I wouldn't." Bill isn't the sort to stay quiet very long under rough treatment. "Unless you're worked to a cranky frame without your kennelman. By the way—since you're not in a social mood, let's make it business. When I heard about George leaving you, I wondered if you wouldn't be interested." He took a cheque out of his pocket.

"I'll give you this if you'll sell me your whole kennel—including, of course, Black Pepper."

"Of course," Christine said. She took the cheque from his hand and sat staring at it. "I thought it was you. I'm glad to be sure." She tore the cheque into tiny pieces.

"Would you mind explaining what you mean by these cryptic remarks?" His voice was fuzzy with rising temper.

"As though you didn't know," she said. "You stole my kennelman."

He stared at her. "Don't make me angry," he said.

"Bill, you know I hate a cheat!" she said violently. Then she took a few more stunning cracks and hard swipes at him, nicely mixed with glancing blows. Mamma said it was the finest dressing down she had ever heard.

Bill said nothing until she had finished. Then very quietly, he said, "When you're ready to apologise, you can call me up. Until then, that's all."

Please turn to page 21

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 16, 1947

What's on your mind?

Trainees need longer term for courses

AS AN ex-servicewoman doing a full-time Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme course in singing at the Conservatorium, it seems to me that the training period of three years is quite inadequate.

A number of my fellow students feel with me that these courses require a minimum of five years, and that it is most unsatisfactory to have to rush through the study in three years.

This is especially true of singing, in which there are no short cuts to technical or artistic mastery.

Students who realise the value of thorough technical training, and hasten slowly usually find themselves unable to complete the course in the specified time.

The Australian Music Examinations Board, in its Manual of Requirements, strongly discourages students from taking the two most advanced grades of singing in successive years, yet I and other students have been forced through the short course to sit for both in the one year.

Surely if the proper authorities were approached, those of sufficient merit could be given the full five years to do their training, instead of having to skimp them under rush conditions.

5/- to Ex-A.M.W.S., Avoca St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Season tickets

I RECENTLY learned that in Hobart weekly tram tickets are offered to the public in order to boost sales.

The general idea is that the daily fare is multiplied by six, and the seventh day's fare not charged for. In addition, any member of the household can use the ticket, which is transferable.

The Municipal Tramways in Hobart have done very well out of the idea, which avoids the likelihood of fares being evaded.

It might be worth trying as an experiment on one of the lines in the other capital cities.

5/- to F. T. Cross, Y.M.C.A., Perth.

How's your I.Q.?

I SHOULD like to see intelligence tests put to more use in this country now their value has been proved among pupils in schools.

In voting, for example, the population could be classified as A and B, the dividing line being a few points below normal intelligence. Voters needn't be told their group, but A voters should have a larger share in choosing the Government.

Members of Parliament and many officials should also be given intelligence tests, to ascertain whether they have a sufficient I.Q. to fulfil their offices satisfactorily.

5/- to Miss A. Hardy, 12 Hampton Court Rd., Kogarah, N.S.W.

Family flats

WHAT life, we are told, is a hindrance to the growth of family life, and the Government wants more babies.

Would it not be as well, then, if the Government included in its planning a design for family flats which would assist people on small wages?

These flats could include common nurseries, mothercraft nurses to care for children during shopping hours, provision for pre-school education, a quadrangle for playing, and built-in drying-rooms.

In view of the shortage of hospital staff everywhere, it would also seem desirable to build rest houses for the aged and invalid, many of whom spend a lot of time in hospital.

At present such folk seem to be dependent upon others only a little

READERS are invited to write to

this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 3. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for that letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and printed letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Men's trousers

MEN'S trousers should be pre-shrunk, I say with feeling, having a husband and four sons. Also couldn't more care go into the making?

Some recently purchased blue dungarees have shrunk to three-quarter mast, the double knees are sewn on askew, and the grain of the material runs the opposite way from the cut.

I would also gladly demonstrate to tailors, if requested, a way to deal with cuff bottoms (or dirt catchers) on sport and best trousers.

Instead of stitching the cuffs, why not place a flat press-stud on each side?

These could be easily undone for cleaning, and would not show at all when fastened.

5/- to Mrs. H. D. Michael, Box 2, Eudunda, S.A.

Loiterers' lane

PEDESTRIAN traffic has now reached such proportions on city footpaths that it is time the civic authorities in each State did something to relieve the congestion.

At the moment thoughtless and selfish people wander all over the footpaths like "Brown's cows" with no consideration for others.

We should adopt the scheme now being used effectively in some American towns. Footpaths are marked into three lanes, the inner one for window shoppers, the middle for strolling pedestrians, and the outside lane for those in a hurry.

5/- to C. Archer, 39 Orchard Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Elastic advice

I WAS interested in the letter by P. Moore (19/7/47), referring to flying skirts. When I was a girl it was the custom for girls riding bicycles to use an elastic clip to prevent their dresses flying up.

Ordinary hat elastic about 18 inches long was looped at one end to slip over the foot, and the other end secured to the dress.

Present-day short frocks would be better served by slipping the loop below the knees.

5/- to Mrs. A. M. Dow, 50 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

Rainy weather blues

THE umbrella is surely the most deadly weapon yet devised by man.

I am fairly tall, and in rain showers in the city I walk in fear of my life. The weapon is so cunningly devised that when carried by a person of average height its spikes are level with my eyes, and skilful footwork is needed to avoid



having one eye or both impaled on these spikes.

I enter a tram, but there is still no escape from the menace of the umbrella brigade. The drips soak the front of my coat, and make a pool in my shoes.

We have devised hats to cover our heads. Now we have the umbrella to protect our hats. Surely a fortune is in store for the man who can invent a spikeless umbrella, and a drip-proof cover for it.

5/- to A. Tutty, Lillimur, Vic.

Oo! Here's my Mummy and she's got my PEARS SOAP!

For Baby's bath—the purest soap in the world! The purity of Pears can be seen—you can look right into the heart of a tablet. And that clear, transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pears is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin and matchless for your own complexion.

P.30.27

Page 19

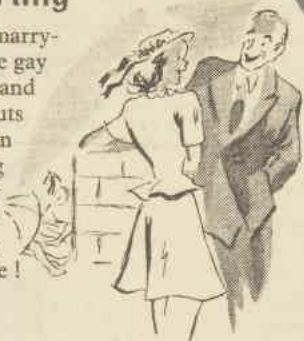
Attracting a man is a cinch

IF YOU'VE GOT THAT PERSIL DAZZLE



Peg's still a'courting

... but she's wise to that marry-me look in Tom's eyes. The gay Persil dazzle of her frocks and little coats and things puts that fella in a whirl! When she hangs out her dazzling whites and coloureds on her line, even ma-in-law will be speechless! And that'll be nothing short of a miracle!



Gran's a hit with Georgie!



That dazzling-white apron gives her real "Persilality"! And what a job of work Persil does on Georgie's grubby play-clothes . . . shifts small - boy grime in a jiffy! No wonder everyone's going for the Persil dazzle. It's headline news for housewives!

Mum's well married

... but does she know her man? Next best to apple pie, Pop goes for Persil dazzle. No more "rainy-day grey" in his white shirts, shorts and singlets! Persil gives the whitest wash because its oxygen-charged suds get out the dirt — not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it.



It's Persil's oxygen that puts the
Persil **DAZZLE** in ALL your wash

BILL went out, closing the door behind him, and then the kennels got very quiet and tense.

"Heavens," mamma said soberly, "now we are all in a very desperate predicament."

Christine went back to the chair, and after a moment she put her head down on her hands, and her bright hair flowed like gold all over the green blotter on the desk.

Mamma, who was listening intently, looked over at me. "She's undoubtedly a silly little fool, but even so—go on, Pepper. A spaniel is better than nothing."

So I whined and whined, and in a few minutes Christine came to my kennel, and took me up in her arms. "Oh, Pepper," she said, "poor little fellow, now we're all alone."

She went on talking to me in a husky voice thick with tears. "You've got to win at the Garden. You've got to beat his dogs. You've got to!"

At last, she put me down again in my kennel, turned out the lights and went back to the house.

"You heard her, Pepper," mamma said. "If you win at the Garden, it will make the kennels. She can get big prices for the puppies and dogs, big stud fees; and since we're not going to marry money, we'll certainly need it. If you do win."

"What's all the lifting?" I said. "Have you ever been in the Garden? With all those hundreds of dogs and people staring and roaring at you?"

"No, and neither have you, mamma," I said. "I think you exaggerate."

Actually, if I had been an emotional dog, Christine and mamma between them would have made a nervous wreck of me in the next week. If it wasn't Christine grooming me, walking me, working me on the show lead, it was mamma, taking me aside and telling me how to behave at the Garden.

"Now, mamma, how in the world could I lose?" I said.

"Well, if they gave blue ribbons for conceit, you'd corner the market," she said, nipping me crossly but with care, so as not to damage me.

No, no other dog in the world ever went to the Garden with greater assurance. But once there, I sang a different tune—with a multitude of dogs talking and cursing and howling round me, crowds of loud-mouthed human beings milling and shoving, and strong, alarming smells assaulting my sensitive nose.

Christine spread a soft rug in my own stall, and chained me. I sat and shuddered. As Christine began combing me nervously, she said: "Scared, b-baby? There's nothing to be scared of."

Oh, no? I felt as though I were in the bottom of a pit, with all bedlam shoved in on top of me.

The loud-speaker boomed suddenly: "Puppies, dogs, Ring Number Five."

Christine's hand shook on me.

"Oh, Pepper," she said huskily, "that's us!" She took the chain off me again, and picked me up in her arms. I heard her sigh; I could feel her heart drumming against my side—she was as scared as I was. When she set me down, limp as lettuce, on the pale green of Ring Number Five, I felt as green as the grass.

"Spunk up," she said anxiously, patting me with a hand that jumped like an electric vibrator, as she wheeled me into line with the other dogs.

I guess my rivals were a nice bunch of pups. A few of them were bat-eared with excitement, and a few had show-ring shakes like me. One who was more self-possessed licked my face and expressed pleasure at meeting me, as his mother had taught him.

In the Puppy Class, the judge makes allowances, and a very good thing it is too. Because I cannot say that Christine and I showed well. She dropped my lead once, and I went wandering round the ring for a few moments, crying, "Mamma, mamma," and then when the judge had her move me, she turned too short on a corner and almost fell on me. But nobody laughed.

In fact, after a while I began to realise that all those staring faces

outside the ring liked us, because there would be a loud rustle of applause whenever the judge stepped near me. Mamma says I am the most appalling show-off in the world, and I guess it is true, because suddenly I felt a great deal better about things.

I began to look round and take notice, and the first noticeable thing I saw was Bill Wainwright. He was standing just outside the ring, and staring at Christine the way mamma stares at a bone when she is very hungry.

The next thing I knew the judge stooped down, gave me a firm tap on the head, and said "First." Then they handed Christine a blue ribbon. A loud noise of applause rushed round the ring, and Christine smiled at the judge as though she would like to kiss him, and was only just managing to hold herself in check.

How can I describe how I felt? Now I know I was a show dog. When Christine carried me out of the ring I went yelling at the top of my lungs, "I won the blue! I won the blue!"

Of course, I understood there were still a few hurdles before I could be Best in Show. I would have to go through Winners Dogs, Best of Winners, Best of Variety, and top the Sporting Group before I even got into the Best in Show group. But when did I, in normal state of mind, underestimate my chances?

After Christine had got back to my stall and chained me, she took a drawing-pin and prepared to stick my ribbon to the boards at the back.

"Way up high," I said, "where everybody can see it."

Suddenly a beautiful dark head squeezed round from the next stall. "My, how you have grown!" she said admiringly.

I had known Flyaway Queen would be at the Garden, but I hadn't expected her to be right next to me. I was pleasantly surprised. Now that I was grown up, I could see that she was old enough to be my mother, but she was certainly the most beautiful female in all the world.

I rolled my eyes and said, "Hello, lovely. Did you hear I'd won the blue?"

"Well, if I didn't, it certainly wasn't your fault," she said in that dry way of hers. "Won't it be grand if you go right through to the Specials? Then we'll be rivals—but I'm almost afraid you'd beat me!"

"I certainly will," I said cheerfully, and she jerked her head back as though I'd bitten her. Since Flyaway Queen won her championship, she has never been topped by any other spaniel.

I was just sitting down to worship my blue ribbon in peace and quiet when Bill Wainwright's voice said: "Hello, Christine. I'm awfully glad you won. How about just one little apology so we can be friends again?"

Christine looked up at him. "Apology for what?" she said coldly, but her hand had closed hard on one of my ears, and I don't think that she felt cold. "I see you're placed next to me. Your bright idea, of course?"

Cocker of the Walk

Continued from page 19

"If I'd ever had an idea like that, I wouldn't have thought it bright." His voice went icy. "By the way, for Pepper's sake, do try to do a better job in the ring next time."

She turned her back on him then, and he got up and went away. As mamma says, it is indeed odd that human beings have got to their position in this world, when you consider how stupid they are. Because Christine was suddenly unhappy.

She sat there in a listless slump, staring at the unopened catalogue on her knee, and I had an idea she would have loved to punch herself.

My next class was Winners Dogs, in which I competed against the winners of the Novice, Limit, and Open classes. Even I did not expect a cakewalk. But that's what it was, and they gave me the purple for Winners Dogs.

By this time the cocker fanciers in the Garden were aware that a new champion was being born, and the ring-side was so jammed a dash-round couldn't have wriggled through. Winning this class gave me my first points toward my championship, and made me eligible to

seem to be pleased at having a graduate of the Puppy Class come up against them, because they certainly add unprintable things when they saw me.

Flyaway Queen said nothing at all, but I don't think she was pleased either. She just walked by like a great shining star, pride in every wonderful line. Bill Wainwright was at the other end of her show lead, and he was ignoring Christine just as carefully as she was ignoring him.

And then it happened; never ask me how. Christine stepped back quickly so she wouldn't be too close to Bill, and I heard a short snapping sound, and my feet flew out from under me. When I pulled myself together I saw Christine down on the grass, her face white with shock.

"I can't get up," she said to the startled steward who was bending over her. "Something's wrong—my ankle—"

There was a sudden deep hush. Then a beehive of activity buzzed up about me. There was Bill Wainwright, looking very frightened, and a doctor, and about twenty women who had studied first aid and had come to advise him.

They got Christine to a chair at the ring-side somehow, and after a few moments the doctor said, "I'm sure it's only a nasty sprain. But you can't show that dog. Someone get me tape, please, and I'll tape this ankle."

Then Bill Wainwright leaned over Christine. He was holding me in his arms, which was kind of him, as I had been very much afraid of being stepped on in the confusion.

"Chris," Bill said, "this is no time to be uppity. I'll show little Pepper for you."

"And have you deliberately ruin his chances—Never! I know you." She stared at the steward. "Can't someone get a handler for me—anybody will do!"

"Anybody at all except me, eh?" Bill said, and then he beckoned to a man standing near us, handed him my lead, and walked away.

Well, never ask me how this happened either. All I know is that I certainly started into the ring with the strange handler on the other end of my lead. However, when I looked up again, sensing something with my usual alertness, I found that Bill Wainwright was now leading me, and the handler had shifted to Flyaway Queen. I was very much surprised, naturally, and Christine at the ring-side was very much surprised, too; she was terribly white, between pain and rage.

I won't deny I thought I was ruined myself. But it wasn't long before I changed my mind. Heaven knows why, but Bill wanted me to win.

"Come on, little boy, steady now," he said. "Don't you want that nice silver cup? Win it, boy; we're out to show that bad-tempered girl I love."

Bill has grand hands. He worked me as though he'd made a life's study of me.



"May I have a little quiet, please? This babe's husband's run off and left her with a dog and five kids."

compete with the winning female in the equivalent class.

I listened smugly to the snatches of conversation that went on over me: "—best little spaniel in twenty years. He'll beat the Winners Bitch. But he couldn't beat Flyaway Queen—it's never been done." The voice added in a whisper that Christine couldn't hear, "Especially the awful way that girl is showing him." What with having her mind pinned on Bill Wainwright and not knowing much about the dog business anyway, Christine as a handler was a downright scandal.

However, in spite of all Christine could do to the contrary, late in the afternoon I beat the Winners Bitch. She was a sweet little bit, and the judge had to take a few minutes more than he usually needed before he said "Best of Winners," and thrust a blue-and-white rosette at Christine. That made me eligible for the Specials, and as they were coming on immediately, I stayed in the ring while they were brought in.

This was the class in which Bill Wainwright was showing his wonderful, "unbeatable" Flyaway Queen.

I looked the Specials over carefully as they went strolling by. There were six of the finest spaniels I had ever seen, and of course they were all champions. They didn't

I LET him pose me with those firm, hard hands as though I'd been chiselled out of black marble—oh, he was a nerve cure, after that Christine.

Very soon that group of wonderful champions had simmered down to just Flyaway Queen and me. "Don't get up your hopes, sonny," she said, with an anxious gleam in her eye when the judge waved us aside by side. "He's only giving the crowd its money's worth."

It was getting its money's worth. The ring-side was silent as the rows of faces swivelled this way and that, studying me and that wonderful Flyaway Queen, studying the perplexed judge. No man ever worked harder. I don't know how many times he had Bill and the handler move us, nor how many times he returned again to that silent, absorbed examination.

I got rather bored with it after a while. I knew how it was going to end, of course, the way it always did. So when at last the judge ran a hand through his hair with a gesture of finality, and I knew he had made up his mind, I yawned—it would be very nice to show mamma that big silver cup.

Poor mamma. Poor me. Because the judge breathed out a tired sigh, stooped above us, and tapped Flyaway Queen on her glossy black brow. "She gets it," he said.

Bill just stood there, his face turning pink. He opened his mouth wide to say something, but then shut it again with a click, because you don't argue with a judge's decision. In a few moments he was stalking out of the ring with Queen's silver cup for Best of Variety and Queen's envelope of prize-money. I will draw the curtain on how I felt.

I was nobody again. I wasn't going to be Best in Show. I was a nice little black spaniel, that's all. Bill was muttering under his breath as he prodded his dejected way through the crowd towards Christine. I had never heard such star-studded language in my life; I had never believed it possible there were so many things you could call a judge. Bill was very angry.

"Chris," he said when we got to her, "this cup, this prize-money, they ought to be yours." And then he turned away from her so she couldn't see his eyes. "I'm so awfully sorry."

"Bill, I want to talk to you," Christine said. "Not here. Let's find some quiet place."

"What for?" he said. "Anyway, there is no quiet place in this blankety-blank Garden." But he helped her up, and in a few minutes we were right away from the ring, and he had scrounged a camp chair for her to sit on. "All right," he said gloomily, "begin."

"Begin what? I lick your boots in shame. You didn't steal my kennel-man. I—I heard someone say the name of the kennel that offered him the new job." She gulped. "Anyhow, I know now you wouldn't do a thing like that. And nobody ever tried harder to put a dog over. It wasn't your fault."

I got out of Bill's way only just in time, because he was suddenly down there in front of her, with his hands on her waist and his eyes were very funny. "You know I love you, Chris," he said.

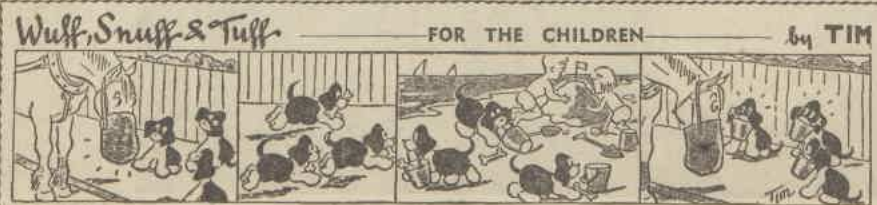
And then there was a long, boring interval, very dull to me, before she said, "Darling, I'm almost glad Pepper lost, because if he hadn't I'd always have thought you married me just to get him."

She laughed, and he kissed her several times, to the amusement of the few passers-by. At last he opened his eyes a bit as though coming out of a fog, and said happily, "Next year will be another story. Pepper's still a little young. Next year he'll have more substance, a better coat—he'll have had more ring experience. You know what he's going to do when Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright bring him to the Garden next year?"

"I know," Christine said, looking dreamy. "Next year he's going to be Best in Show."

I did, too. And if you come up to our kennels some time, mamma will bore you to tears with all the ribbons and medals and cups, because mamma is very proud of me.

(Copyright)



Brilliant spectacle at gala opening of



GRAND FINALE of the parade is Jeanne Lanvin's superb white grosgrain wedding gown, worn by Janine Lequeuvre. The bodice is severely tailored, and the skirt is made with full panniers caught into a cluster of lily of the valley over full tulle underskirt. Gown is triumphant combination of simplicity and sophistication.

Page 22

★ The opening of The Australian French Fashion Parades at a brilliant occasion when gorgeous gowns shown by four French and two Australian models. Since then, the parades have been held at Foy's, where they will continue.



JANINE LEQUEUVRE shows at the first parade at Foy's stock-pink velveteen shorts and swing-back dress designed by Pierre Balmain for informal wear.



THREADING her way between rows of tables, Susan Watkins, a runner-up in the Daily Telegraph flannel suit by Marcel Dhome and an interesting design.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 16, 1947

or parades

...an Women's Weekly
...nce's, Sydney, was a
...Parisian clothes were
...Australian mannequins.
...staged daily at Mark
...il the end of this week.



CREAM woolen slacksuit and matching topcoat by Paquin for winter sports wear is worn by Lydia Lepiat.



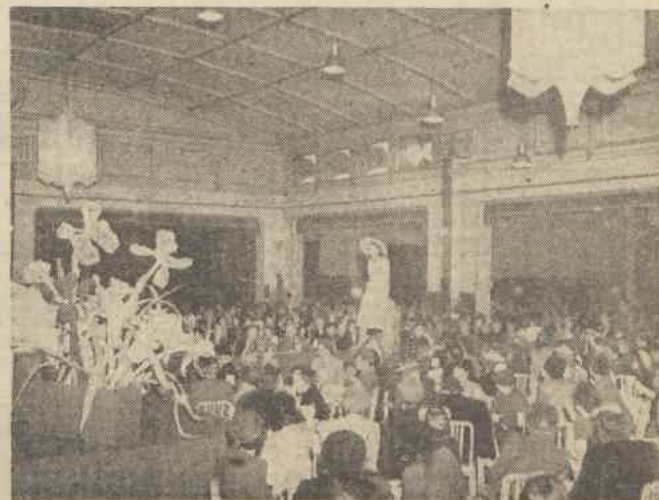
GRECIAN draping is elegant in a white jersey ball gown by Gres. Its only trimming is delicate pink ribbon. It is worn by Maggy Sarragne.



SCATTERED with big French knots of pale pink, this youthful organdie evening gown is designed by Worth and worn by Suzanne Combe.



Combe laughs with pleasure at applause as she shows a beautifully tailored striped grey dress and the face yellow felt hat by Janette Colombier. On right, applauding, is June Daily in a mannequin contest, who later modelled a superb evening gown of white chiffon.



HUNDREDS of women watch eagerly as French and Australian mannequins model gorgeous Parisian clothes at Mark Foy's. Here Janine wears a beige linen frock by Worth and matching hat by Maud et Nano.

SCRAPHEAP- HERE I COME!

NO POT OR PAN CAN
STAND UP TO SCRATCHY
CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE
THINGS CLEAN



Clean
Smoothly with
VIM
- NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU CAN'T GET QUALITY
LIKE MINE TODAY, YET I'M
GOOD AS EVER. THAT'S
SMOOTH-CLEANING WITH
VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED
PARTICLES!



Vm 4-32

JONATHAN sat

down on the edge of the bed, clapping a knee and grinning at Dirk, who was still regarding him a trifle uncertainly.

"I stepped while I was down there," he went on. "Three coffee contracts. Coffee contracts used to be our biggest business. They slumped with the war, but now I've got three of them. That's the bacon I bear home."

Dirk shook his head dazedly. This brisk, successful, stepping young man seemed to be a bundle of steel springs.

"I went all over those coffee plantations," he went on, getting up off the edge of the bed to stride enthusiastically up and down the room. "I saw it grown, picked, graded, shipped. Great industry, Dirk."

"For a guy who's on the outside looking in," remarked Dirk, "you certainly put in some ticks for that line."

"Outside looking in?" queried Jonathan. "Oh, you mean because I'm not chairman I don't want to see the lines get along. I'd be a swell washout to feel that way, wouldn't I?" He waved a dismissive hand.

"This was our chance and I grabbed it. I only prayed the lines wouldn't go busted before I had a chance to get these contracts through. It was a miracle they stayed afloat long enough, but they've got some oxygen now."

A miracle absolutely. Paul Revere Blair was in time!

"Well," Dirk said conclusively, "it seems to me that you've done that Texan babe who's running your line one heap big favor."

Jonathan stopped short in his stride. He exhaled a cloud of smoke and looked at Dirk with a funny little smile.

"Oh, yeah?" he said softly. "You

think so?" He passed over that quickly. "Going to have a party, Dirk? Good, cut me in. And lend me a clean shirt, will you?"

He flung off his clothes and stepped into the shower. Dirk heard him carolling lustily amid splashing water.

There's a hill beyond a hill beyond a hill beyond a hill—
Oooooohhh—so follow along if your limbs they are strong—
There's a dream beyond a dream beyond a dream beyond a dream—
Oooooohhh—

Finally, he came out of the shower glowing to the baritone blasts of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching!"

"You're certainly opening up," commented Dirk.

Jonathan looked at him a moment, then turned away.

"And how," he said softly. "And how, Dirk, my boy."

He dressed slowly and stood before the mirror adjusting his tie smiling a little introspective smile. Opening up? He was going to hand a certain girl a little package of something called "The Works."

If she was going to play with the boys she'd have to take the bumps of the boys. He had something choice in store for her. Outlasses out, yo ho! Well, he'd warned her she'd be sorry.

A subdued hum of laughter and conversation from the living-room served notice that the party was under way. Dirk put his head in at the door.

"Get a move on," he commanded. "Somebody out here wants to see you pronto. She's blonde and I think you'd better do something about it."

"Carol?"

"You guessed it," said Dirk, and withdrew.

A Love Like That

Continued from page 4

Carol waiting for him was to Jonathan Blair all that was needed to make the day a success. He hadn't thought much about her during the past few weeks, but then, he reflected, he'd been on the move so constantly it was no wonder. Carol!

Now there was a real woman. Normal, and all that. Not one of your aggressive valkyries who went round looking for trouble. He nodded positively and issued forth among Dirk's guests. He saw Carol almost immediately.

She was sitting gracefully relaxed on a divan near a crackling fire, dressed in dark blue velvet, her sleeves slashed with gold, and the late afternoon sun coming through the high casement windows contrived to make a misty halo of her ash-blond hair.

Jonathan stopped short, almost on one foot. He had flown from Rio with the impression accompanying him all the way of the sun shining on the broad silver wings of the airliner as it circled over Rio harbor at sunrise. Carol kept that impression alive, gave it living, breathing force.

He went over to her. "Hello," he greeted cordially. "Remember me?"

That slow-rising curtain of lashes lifted. She looked at him and reached out a hand.

"Corry—" There was plenty packed in that word. Enough to launch a thousand ships, or something. He beamed down at her from his tall height.

"Swell prescription you are for a weary traveller, Carol."

"I ought to be annoyed with you," she commented. "Three months and not a word from you."

"He's been in South America," said Dirk, beckoning his butler.

"Really?" said Carol. "But what on earth were you doing down there?"

"Learning all about the steamship business."

"Yes," said Dirk mournfully, "there goes a great polo team shot to smithereens. Trent is out on the coast being chased by a movie queen, Mike Guerdon got married, and probably won't take any chances that might make Lella a widow. Now Corry gets all wrapped up in the steamship business."

"High time you four galloping idiots were separated for your own protection," Carol said firmly.

"Trent sent on some movie shots of the Open," said Dirk. "The slow motion camera caught Corry cold that time he went off." He grinned reminiscently. "Six somersaults in mid air. What a spill that was!"

Jonathan remembered that spill. It had been sensational. He'd have matched it against any spill on record except— he frowned — that blood-chilling one taken on a hot dusty field by a slim-limbed Texan girl in khaki and leather. That was what had given him a sense of comradeship with her.

He shook that thought off beligerently. This was no time to be thinking of that. He was out after that girl's scalp.

Dirk wandered off, and he sat down next to Carol and drew her arm through his. He may not have thought of her in places like the fo'c'sle of the Orinoco or on the deck of a plunging little freighter, but here she blended in with the background perfectly, exploded back into his mind.

His eyes roved swiftly over the long, wide living-room, a cultivated touch of modern twentieth-century loveliness. Shining black floor and low broad grey divans with coral cushions. Slender white floor-lamps standing like sentinel shafts. Tall silver vases of greenhouse roses, roses that had been cultivated and protected and nourished to blooming beauty.

Yet something was lacking, something indefinable that hadn't been lacking from silver wings over Rio. There seemed a synthetic atmosphere about the whole set-up. It was as if Dirk had called in some famous interior decorator, and then gone off to shoot ducks while something beautiful was made to order, bought wrapped up, and delivered.

Well, why not? He must be getting funny ideas. He got rid of the ideas.

"How are you getting along, Carol?" he asked impulsively.

"Alas, I'm still cursed by the line of an ex-Junior Leaguer trying to be a Bernhardt." She smiled. "We're both getting nowhere fast, Corry. Here's to success."

He touched her glass lightly with his. "Right," he acknowledged. "Success."

And once again that aggressive girl of boots and saddles strode through his mind, leaving behind an echoing steel ring. Success! Yes, he'd drink to that. The World! She'd dared him to try it, hadn't she? Success!

When Carol left he accompanied her to the lift and afterwards stood in the foyer in thoughtful silence. Carol. She was the kind of person for whom a man would enjoy doing things. Tie the world by the tail and dump it in her lap.

He didn't have much to offer her now, but he had a good poker face, a trump card, and war was in his blood.

No, he did not have much to offer her now, but some day the chance of watching old Abilene lines grow in power, prestige, and prosperity; silver wings over Rio—"there's a dream beyond a dream beyond a dream—"

He went back and buttonholed Dirk Segrave.

"I want to have a talk with you, Dirk."

"Go ahead," said Dirk. "What's on your mind?"

Jonathan looked around him. "In private, son. I have a little plan on hand, and I must check it over with someone. I might even want a second string to my bow. Come on, let's confer."

They went into Dirk's study and shut the door. Council of war. General Blair commanding.

Jonathan went down to the Blair Building the next morning and immediately received a shock that left him wondering what street in what city in what country he was on anyhow. The Blair Building wasn't there any more!

He stared up at a gleaming white facade and wondered where the dickens the old familiar brownish-grey front had gone. It couldn't be a new building, for heavens' sake!

The doorman enlightened him. Miss Ransome had ordered a bath for the building and after the blasting was over, lo and behold, the place was white. Jonathan was amazed. He'd always thought that brownish-grey color was natural stone, not the accumulated grime of scores of years.

Inside, Jonathan found that sure changes had been made. Valentines evidently believed in going nautical in a big way.

Please turn to page 26

BUTCH



"Is that right, Clancy? Did the victim really describe one of the burglars as being 'tall an' rather handsome'? Goah!"

WHY FOOTBALL STAR WAS DROPPED

When young Mitchell was picked for the State team it meant not only fame, but a new chance to win friendship . . . romance.



Winter Weather is B.O. Weather, too

Heavy clothes, heated atmospheres and closed windows make "B.O." as great a danger in winter as in summer. That's why you need Lifebuoy now as much as ever! With its special health ingredient, Lifebuoy gives you lasting and all-over protection from "B.O."



LEAD THE LIFEBOUY LIFE

W.302.19



SEPARATE MEASURES FOR BUST AND HIP . . .

That's the secret of perfect fit!

Accent on youth in Prestige undies that fit you with loving care, flattering your contours, slenderising your silhouette. But to be sure your Prestige Pantees, Scanties, Vests and Princess Slips fit perfectly, giving you that personally tailored look, take your measurements correctly. Keep the tape level at your bust line and be sure to take the maximum measurement round your hips.

Only in Prestige do you find "lingerie that has your measure." Check your measurements with the chart below. If you are an in-between size, your correct size is one size larger.

BUST: Measure at point of bust, keeping tape measure level.



HIP: Measurement should be maximum measurement.

Lingerie that has your measure

BY **Prestige**

ALSO MAKERS OF EXCLUSIVE HOSIERY

GLANCING quickly

about him Jonathan whistled softly to himself. Valentine may not have been able to contribute anything much to operating conferences, but she had her own ideas as to how a shipping office should look.

The walls of the passenger office were lined with murals depicting scenes of cobalt blue seas with white-plumed waves, green tropical shorelines, palm-lined streets of West Indian and South American towns. There were deck chairs with gay-colored cushions instead of the usual uninspiring leather chairs and a small array of potted palms that had been arranged around. The whole atmosphere in that passenger office beckoned alluringly to the prospective traveller.

Jonathan rubbed his chin. Looked fine. Probably Calhoun's idea. But he had a feeling that it wasn't Bard Calhoun's idea at all. Valentine Ransome was smart. He had always known that.

A new elevator had replaced the old slow barn-like affair and he was whisked to the executive floor so fast he felt as though he'd nearly bumped his head.

By this time he was quite prepared to find that Valentine had changed the executive offices to look like a ship's engine-room, but, except for a new thick crimson rug, some dark paneling, and some more palms, she had let it go at that. The faithful little secretary, Meggs, was glad to see him. They shook hands and found out that each other's health was very good.

"And now," said Jonathan resolutely, "do you think I might see Miss Ransome?"

Meggs nibbled a forefinger and three crescent-shaped lines appeared in his forehead. He coughed apprehensively. But it was not for Meggs to question why. He went in valiantly and announced Jonathan.

"Jonathan!" exclaimed Valentine,

sitting up straight. "Not really, Mr. Meggs. Please ask him to come right in."

She felt something begin to beat at the base of her throat. Jonathan. If he ever guessed.

Jonathan came in, taking a surreptitious look toward the fireplace to see if old Abijah's picture was still there. It was. Glory be, it had survived this era of astounding changes.

"Hello, Jonathan," said Valentine.

There was an earnest little note in her voice, half humorous, half confused, as she used his name. He did not notice. Mr. Blair was all for business.

"How do you do, Miss Ransome," he said briefly. "May I sit down?"

Valentine waved toward a chair. Any idea that this young man had come on friendly terms had been dissipated. Of course, that had been too much to expect, probably, but she wished he would make it a little easier.

Her eyes took in the clean strong lines of mouth and chin, the thick crisp dark hair, his wide sloping shoulders—Seaman Abijah Bliss of Lifeboat Number One crew.

"How are you," she said, and tried again, "Jonathan?"

"Me?" said Jonathan. "Oh, I'm all right. How are you, Miss Ransome?"

"There's something I've wanted to say for a long time," she began, lashes downcast on her cheeks and her fingers nervously twisting a pencil. "I—"

"Please!" he requested, and held up a hand. "I am sure that I have something more important."

Valentine didn't think so, but she fell silent.

He took a heavy Manila envelope from a pocket and pushed it across

Continued from page 24

the desk toward her.

"In that," he announced, "you will find three coffee contracts. I brought them back with me from South America."

There was silence in the room except for the ticking of a clock. Valentine sat back in her chair. He had been down in South America working for the lines.

"Jonathan Blair," she said slowly, "you certainly carry the mail."

"Unfortunately," said Jonathan, watching her keenly, "those contracts are no good."

Her eyes widened. "No—no good?"

"Not as things stand," he said impassively. "You see, Miss Ransome, while I was down in South America I found that there was a government claim against the Blair Lines. You never knew that, did you? Well, that just shows what one is liable to buy along with stock—when one buys stock for the fun of it."

He nodded politely. The girl's slim dark brows met in a straight line of perplexity. She didn't know what this was all about, but if ever Nemesis appeared in human form she had an idea it was Jonathan Corinthus Blair.

"Please," she said quickly, "explain."

Mr. Blair would be very glad to explain. First, he offered her a cigarette. She declined with a brief nod. He lit one himself and leaned back in a cloud of smoke.

"Seventeen years ago," he said directly, "one of the Blair ships and a government naval vessel collided in a port down there. The government vessel was out clean in half."

"Cut in half!" said Valentine, startled.

Mr. Blair nodded unrelentingly.

"Approximately in half. Why, do you know that the officers were at tea in the social hall when what should come busting through but—what do you think? The prow of the Blair ship. It ploughed right smack into the officers' mess. The government ship," he added, "sank very rapidly."

All things considered, Valentine could see how it probably would. Jonathan flicked the ash off his cigarette and eyed the glowing tip absently.

"The Blair ship, badly damaged, tried to stand off, crashed into a sea wall, causing more damage, and finally sank right in the harbor channel. Miss Ransome, in exactly five minutes there was half a million dollars damage laid at the door of the Blair Lines. It was," he added casually, "a right merry session."

A merry session! Valentine was breathless.

"Ordinarily," he went on, shifting comfortably in his chair, "the government would have seized your ship and held it for bond. But the Blair ship had sunk. So the government brought suit for damages against us and obtained a judgment for five hundred thousand smackers."

"Smackers?" repeated Valentine.

"Dollars," explained Jonathan. "Five hundred thousand dollars. Well, Dad was running the lines then and he fought that. He claimed government culpability was equal if not greater than ours, that there had been a native pilot aboard our ship, and we were obeying signals. So he appealed and started a long legal battle to get that judgment set aside."

He paused again, watching the smoke from his cigarette spiral upwards.

"But before our appeal could be accepted," he went on, "they had a revolution of some sort down there, and by the time the country had been straightened out the suit was side-tracked in a maze of legal snarls and overlooked. And to these many years it has been in the archives of the Minister of Marine. But that judgment for half a million still stood."

He mashed out his cigarette with maddening deliberation.

"Go on," Valentine said quickly, her voice a little unsteady.

He nodded politely. "Now, Miss Ransome," he said amiably, "this claim has been uncovered and the government naturally wants to collect that half million judgment. And so you have one of just two things to do. Pay up half a million dollars."

"What!" exclaimed Valentine. "Good heavens, that would ruin us."

"Yes," agreed Jonathan. "It would. Well then, you can start an appeal. That will be expensive, too, and it will take a long time and you'll probably," he added comfortably, "lose in the end anyhow."

Deep silence—deep and heavy. Valentine sat in her chair, struck dumb. She looked very pale.

"In the meantime," he informed her, "until that claim is settled and closed your ships will not be permitted to carry cargo from any of their ports. The government won't clear any Blair ships. That's why those coffee contracts can't be fulfilled. Shame, isn't it?"

He nodded sadly. Valentine looked at him, eyes narrowing.

"That claim the government suddenly exhumed," she said satirically. "I suppose you didn't have anything to do with it?"

He considered. "In a way," he admitted finally. "Old Captain Guthrie, who sailed for my father and grandfather, was living down there in retirement. He told me about it—and I sort of poked around."

Valentine jumped to her feet, her cheeks flushed.

"Oh, you sort of poked around!" she flung at him furiously. "You poked around! Of all the insane things to do just when we're getting really going! Why didn't you let sleeping dogs lie, for the love of Pete, you incredible blunderer?"

"Bellona!" commented Jonathan Blair, looking at her coldly. "God-dess of war, standing on a mountain top shaking her spear."

Valentine conquered her angry outburst and snapped back into fighting form.

"We have to pull through," she said rapidly. "We can't let this stop us."

A Love Like That

JONATHAN

regarded her quizzically a few moments in silence. "Whatever you do," he pointed out, "you can't afford to meet that claim. No line on the seas to-day could meet that and not go under."

She said nothing. Jonathan arose. "It's a very tough situation," he agreed. "The shipping business would seem to have its problems and what not."

"But we must do something," she said, biting her lip. "What—what are we going to do?"

"You're running the Blair Lines," he told her. "They're yours, lady. I'll get in touch with you later about this. Good-bye, Miss Ransome."

The girl made a brief little movement with one hand. Jonathan left the office and closed the door behind him. He leaned against it a moment and smiled slightly.

"There's something for her to cook in a while," he murmured.

Valentine did not cook long. She fought off a sense of panic and called Mr. Packard, the executive vice-president, to a conference. Mr. Packard sat down very heavily and seemed to have no strength with which to get up again. Valentine called the Blair lawyers.

Runnyson, who had represented the company for twenty-five years, well remembered the claim, and his expression went three different shades of red in six seconds.

Why, it had been buried for years. There had been courier suits and appeals and statements of culpability pending for a long time. The whole thing was a vast bewildering legal tangle.

To go into the courts now would mean a long-drawn-out exhausting battle and in the meantime the Blair ships were paralysed. The government held a judgment.

"There must be something!" Valentine insisted.

Runnyson shook his head. "We'll do all we can, but I can't mislead you, Miss Ransome. That claim has hung over our heads like the sword of Damocles. We haven't a very good chance, I'm afraid. I would like to see Mr. Blair immediately. He's been in South America, you say? Then perhaps he can give us some idea of the government's attitude."

Valentine would have liked to see Jonathan, too. She rested her chin in the palm of her hand and stared sombrely into space. He couldn't have meant to ruin the lines deliberately. Everything he had was tied up in them.

But there was no doubt about it, he had poked a shell out of hiding that had exploded with disastrous effect squarely amidships.

Even so, he couldn't be leaving her to fight this out alone, no matter how much he disliked her. He was a gentleman, and he loved the Blair Lines, and he wouldn't desert them at a time like this. He wouldn't! Not Ordinary Seaman Abijah Bliss. She clung to that fiercely.

Somehow, in this crisis, the answer to the question of how Jonathan Blair would act meant more to her than even the fate of the Blair Lines.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

DIRT GOES FLYING WHEN YOU USE MONKEY BRAND

IT'S THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE AND NEVER SCRATCHES



MONKEY BRAND

CLEANS EVERYTHING IN THE KITCHEN, BATHROOM, ETC.

THIS VELVET SOAP USER HASN'T BOUGHT TEA TOWELS FOR 17 YEARS



MRS. N. J. KIRWAN, 6 Mount St., Strathfield, N.S.W., has proved over and over again how long Velvet Soap makes clothes and linens last. Read her interesting story.



Says Aunt Jenny



"IF ONLY THIS TABLE CLOTH COULD TALK," laughs Mrs. Kirwan, "what praise it would give Velvet Soap! It's 70 years old, was in my mother's glory box, and she passed it on to me. The supper cloth in the photo has had 30 years' regular use!" So that's pretty good proof of Velvet's extra gentle washing care, don't you think, ladies?

"I'M REAL PROUD OF THESE TEA TOWELS, AUNT JENNY," writes Mrs. Kirwan; "17 years ago I bought the material in them for 7½d. yard, made them myself—and there you are! Of course they've always been washed in Velvet suds . . . that's why they've lasted so long."



VELVET SOAP

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn-out because they've been hard-rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—day after day, or year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind!

Use in every morning Mon. to Thurs. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES"

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



**Gee Mummy
flying's fun
with TAA!**

There's family fun unlimited when you fly there TAA. No queueing, baggage worries, frayed nerves, and tired kiddies. There are cots for the little tots, books and games for the older boys and girls, plus all the joys of flying. And it's so economical! Kiddies under four travel free with parents. No worry about meals. You'll find a real help too, in the friendly experienced TAA Hostess, and you can choose any time to travel to suit your needs.

FLY TAA . . . THE FRIENDLY WAY

Trans-Australia Airlines

YOUR AIRLINE . . . AUSTRALIA'S FINEST

Officials take over a million tax headaches



SORTING taxation returns from all over the State into alphabetical order is done with the aid of Sortagraph machines, each containing 3300 alphabetical parts. Operators are relieved after working half a day on these machines, because of intense concentration which the task requires.

Practised department staff sorts fiction from fact as returns are assessed

More than a million tax returns furnished by New South Wales residents are now being assessed by the Taxation Department, and if they've given taxpayers a headache, it's nothing to the headache in store for the department.

According to department officials, people get in the strangest muddles filling in their returns, and a staff of three women supervisors is kept specially to deal with "problem returns."

PROBLEM returns range from those furnished by imaginative citizens declaring millions of pounds which they do not possess to those sent in by taxpayers who spell their names a different way with each return.

The three women supervisors, Misses Agnes Murray, Ella Parton, and Enid O'Sullivan, who have been coping with problem returns for years, have reached the stage where nothing can surprise them any more. "Returns are sent in fastened with

safety-pins, bobby-pins, and one was held together with a rusty nail," auburn-haired, attractive Agnes Murray said.

"There's one woman who sends receipts in regularly each year sewn to her return with the neatest of stitches."

There are always the crafty souls who think they can "put one over the Taxation Department," but the girls in the problem section have developed a sixth sense for detecting wrongdoers.

The vast network of processes through which each return goes

makes sure that no problem returns slip through unnoticed.

Twenty-two girls working on Sortagraph machines sort returns into alphabetical order, dealing with up to 5000 returns a day.

The returns are then indexed, given a special identifying number, checked with files of previous returns, assessed, and finally filed away in vast rows of cabinets.

"Wise guys" who give different names on each return, claim for non-existent wives, or send in money to "square the department" are inevitably detected.

Supervisors may spend more than a day on one "problem return," checking files, electoral roles, and department data, but they always get their man.

Many of the "problem returns" are entirely the result of carelessness on the part of taxpayers.

Browns, Clarkes, or Greens may spell their names with a final "e" one year and without the next—the worst headache in the problem department, for it means an enormous amount of checking of files.

Fathers and sons forget to mark their returns "senior" and "junior,"



AUBURN-HAIRED Agnes Murray, one of the three supervisors in the index department, spends her whole time checking on "problem returns." She finds the work interesting, admits she is past being surprised at some of the communications the Taxation Department receives.

with the result that taxpayer senior gets his son's assessment and angrily demands the reason why.

There is also a man who each year declares an income of more than £5,000,000 a year, giving full details of how fabulous sums were received from royalties on books, lottery tickets, and racehorses.

"He never tries to evade taxation—the only thing is that he has never had any of the money he declares," one of the girls said.

"It's amazing how many returns contain money—from odd silver to five-pound notes. People seem to think this pays for everything, even before they receive an assessment."

"The money is returned to them, but the assessment often comes as a rude shock."

Another man regularly claims exemption from all income tax because he is "The Messiah," and enters into lengthy correspondence with the department to convince them of his right to special treatment.

But the fact remains that he earns taxable income, so his petitions fall on deaf ears.

In some cases the trade followed by the taxpayer is only too painfully clear. Returns come in smeared and marked with coal smudges, grease, or traces of the butcher's shop.

"Just a few send in indecipherable returns which they say the dog has chewed, or were wrapped round the meat by mistake," one of the girls said.

Occasionally, however, romance lightens the otherwise austere atmosphere of the Mail Opening Department.

One young man sent the Taxation Commissioner a photograph of himself and a love letter, and was horrified when informed of the mistake.

They were intended for his girlfriend, who had instead received a letter to the Commissioner asking for an extension of time in furnishing a return.

"We're human, after all, so the mix-up was sorted out, and the young man got his extension of time," a taxation official said.

Some taxpayers just seem to invite trouble for themselves, such as those who send in returns to different States. One man who did this ended up with a double assessment—twice as much as he'd expected.

"He wrote in that the shock almost killed him, and we spent a long time straightening things out," an official said. "He'd forgotten about the return he furnished for New South Wales, and sent in another when he moved to Queensland."

There are always the wags who welcome the opportunity for cynical comments on the section dealing with marriages, and others who cannot resist letting the Department know their opinion of taxpaying in general.

"We're immune to rudeness now, though some of the remarks hurt our feelings a little," one of the tax officials said. "After all, we have to pay taxes ourselves."

She Gave Away The Story

Continued from page 5

"CIGAR," Sadie corrected. "The papers said he smoked cigars."

"Men!" Dot shuddered the sex into one unflattering category.

"One thing," Mimi was comforting. "Mr. Wister says he won't get away with it this time. Of course, this isn't out yet and it's strictly between us and the fencepost, but it seems there was another case they think Arthur Jennings was connected with. He was calling himself Ambrose James then. The jury acquitted him, but they still have the fingerprints and everything. His wife was supposed to have taken poison by mistake. Of course, they don't really know yet—that it was Mr. Jennings."

"Well, then, they're pretty dumb!" Jess was contemptuous. "Ambrose James—Arthur Jennings. Same initials. They always do that."

Dot gasped. "Then he's one of those fiends, a real fiend!"

"It's all psychological," Jess explained. "That's what they always prove in court when it's multiple murder. It's psychological, and then they get acquitted."

"It just doesn't seem fair," Sadie said. "If my Tom murdered me, I'd want him to hang for it."

"Wouldn't we all?" Dot said.

Mimi smiled. "I know, girls, but we just don't realise. I mean, however much they say about what a nice woman Mrs. Jennings was, I don't think she could have been a really good wife. Husbands just don't go around murdering good wives, do they? So I think all of us are safe enough."

"Well, I should hope!" Sadie agreed vehemently.

"Alfred and I have been ideally happy," Mimi said. "I know how everybody talks about second marriages, but it isn't true. I know you all think it's been my money, but it hasn't been. Not a bit of it. He wouldn't touch it." She surveyed her audience triumphantly.

"I've kept saying to him, 'Alfred

—ALFRED—



"I'm giving you a ticket, ANYWAY, Alfred, even if you ARE related to a former Prime Minister on your mother's side of the family."

Jordan, I thought we agreed marriage was supposed to be a partnership." Did we? he'd say. "You know we did," I'd say. "My money's as much yours as mine." "I don't want it," he'd say. "I don't say I couldn't use it on this deal I've got going, but you keep it, Mimi." And I'd say, "Well, you'll just get it all when I'm gone."

"Look," Jess seemed embarrassed. "Why don't we play bridge?"

Mimi ignored the interruption. "Alfred said, 'Don't say that, Mimi. Please, don't say that sort of thing.' He is sensitive!"

"I'll review the bidding," Sadie offered.

"You don't get to know Alfred until you've lived with him," Mimi insisted. "He's such a lamb, but he is sort of impractical. He wasn't at all well when we got home from Peterville, but he insisted on going off on this business trip, sore throat and all."

I said it was smoking some awful old Christmas present cigars, but he said it wasn't. Well, I just went ahead and had some of that prescription gargle made up for him anyway.

"I got it all packed to send him and thought I'd telephone to let him know, and it turns out he isn't at the Central or the Commercial, so now I don't know what to do. Hotels are really the limit! At the Central they said, 'There's an Albert Jurgin registered, madam.' And I said, 'What good does that do me, please? I'm inquiring for Mr. Alfred Jordan.' They hadn't a word to say to that."

"I'll review the bidding," Sadie offered again.

"I wouldn't be worried at all," Mimi said, "but Fred was carrying quite a lot of money. He needed cash to close this deal and the banks weren't open, so I made him let me endorse a couple of bonds. It came to more than—well, quite a lot of money."

"You opened with a heart, Mimi; Jess said a spade, I said one no," Sadie said. "It's one no-trump to you, Dot."

"What I mean is," Mimi persisted, "you hear about such awful things happening to people nowadays."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"A Godsend to us" . . . bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.



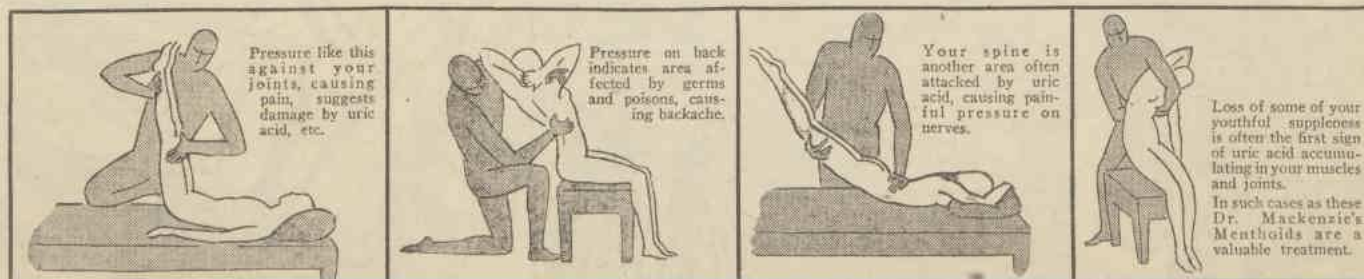
Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



Fashion PATTERNS

F4788.—A dress that you may wear from sun-up till sun-down. It has a scalloped neckline and two bows on the front bodice for added chic. Pattern obtainable in short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4789.—A little suit in black or navy for the cocktail party or semi-formal occasion. Pattern obtainable in three-quarter or short sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Coat has cutaway front and scalloped hemline and collar. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4790.—An intriguing sports set which consists of a jerkin that buttons on to the skirt and a pair of comfortable pedal-pushers. Pattern obtainable either with skirt or knee-length trousers. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 2/8.

F4791.—Smart dress for informal occasions on warm, sunny days. Frock has new longer line with pleats starting at the hipline. Bodice is topped with perky bow at neckline. Pattern obtainable with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/10.

F4792.—Cute outfit for a young daughter. The pinafore is in a checked or striped fabric with a plain blouse. Blouse obtainable with long or short sleeves. Sizes 22in., 25in., and 30in. lengths. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for the blouse, and 1½yds. 36in. for pinafore. Pattern, 1/8.

F4793.—Trousseau set for the spring bride. Softly trimmed with becoming frill at neckline of nightgown and hem of slip. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for scanties, 2½yds. 36in. material for slip, and 4½yds. 36in. material for nightgown. Pattern, 2/8.

INTERSTATE OFFICES

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frocks, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your state. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see addresses at top of page 9), or by post: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 4210, G.P.O., Perth; Box 403P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 180C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"MARY."—Blouse for the outdoor girl: This useful blouse (top right) is available in white rayon satin, or rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pink, or nil-green.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust—satin 28/6, rayon crepe-de-chine 28/6; 36 and 38in. bust—satin 34/11, rayon crepe-de-chine 37/11. Postage 1/3 extra.
Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust—satin 15/11, rayon crepe-de-chine 15/11; 36 and 38in. bust—satin 18/6, rayon crepe-de-chine 21/11. 5 coupons. Postage 10½d. extra.

"HILDA."—Blouse with neat neckline: Blouse in white rayon satin or a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pink, or nil-green. Note high neckline and pointed collar. Cunningly placed darts at the neck give fullness to bodice; long sleeves are gathered into a cuff at the wrist.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust—satin 24/11, rayon crepe-de-chine 24/11; 36 and 38in. bust—satin 28/11, rayon crepe-de-chine 31/11. Postage 1/3 extra.
Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust—satin 17/6, rayon crepe-de-chine 21/6; 36 and 38in. bust—satin 19/11, rayon crepe-de-chine 21/11. 5 coupons. Postage 10½d. extra.

"SUZANNE."—Gay Jerkin suit to give you slenderness. This suit is ready for you to wear now or cut out ready for you to make up yourself in crease-resisting rayon crepe in softly flattering shades of aqua, beige, rose, light sage, and rosead-green. The jerkin has a deep, square yoke from the shoulders, and buttons at the side. The skirt has two box-pleats at the front.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, \$1.11 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, \$1.6 (9 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.
Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 38/11 (9 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 40/6 (9 coupons). Postage 1/2 extra.

Needlework Notions

No. 896.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK
This decorative little frock is traced ready for you to cut out and make up in American block-striped gingham which will wash and wear excellently. In white with rose, green, or blue. Frock has a Peter Pan collar and front-buttoning bodice. Skirt is gathered to the waistline, and the short and puffed sleeves are gathered into a band.
Sizes: 18 in. 20in. length, 8/6 (3 coupons); 23 in. 27in. length, 10/3 (4 coupons); 31 to 34in. length, 11/9 (5 coupons).

No. 897.—THREE D'OYLEYS
These three d'oyleys are traced ready for you to embroider on British cotton in shades of pale green, sky, rose, and lemon. Price 9d. each. Postage 1½d. extra.

No. 898.—TODDLER'S SMOCK AND PANTIES

This sweet set is traced ready for you to cut out and make up in rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pale pink, nil-green, and frosty-white. Smock has a round collar, short sleeves, and smocking below the yoke, and the panties are cut to match.

Sizes: 16in. length, 12/11 (2 coupons); 17in. length, 12/6 (2 coupons); 18in. length, 14/3 (3 coupons). Postage 0½d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notions or Fashion Frocks, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



* PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. * State size required. * For children's patterns state age. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Nearly all rules of etiquette may be broken if this means that someone is going to be put at ease.

The rule of not speaking to strangers, for instance, may be disregarded by those who find themselves sharing a table at a hotel or guest house.

A YOUNG girl who was considerably embarrassed, because the people she found herself with failed in a very simple courtesy, has written to me, asking if she was at fault.

Here is her letter:

"JUST recently I spent a holiday at a hotel. I was not introduced to the people at whose table I sat, and did not know if—being younger—I should be the first to speak."

Shyness is not the prerogative of the young. Many older men and women suffer from a real shyness that makes it difficult for them to introduce themselves to strangers, even though their seniority demands in certain circumstances that they should be the ones to do so.

But it is quite ridiculous for people who will be sharing a table for some time not immediately to make themselves known to one another. Introductions in such circumstances are among the small courtesies that are never neglected by the socially experienced.

One of the older people—preferably a woman—already sitting at the table to which you were shown should have introduced herself, thus giving you, as the newcomer, the opportunity to make some friendly remark and tell your own name.

"THOUGH I don't know who she is, my own mother is still living. I regard the people who adopted me as my parents, but don't know whose daughter to say I am in my engagement announcement. The man I am about to become engaged to doesn't know I am adopted. Should I tell him, or let him believe the people who have brought me up are my real parents?"

You owe it to the man whose name you are about to take to tell him that you are an adopted daughter. By not doing so you might endanger your whole married happiness. Your future husband has every right to expect your whole-hearted confidence. When announcing your engagement in the Press you must call yourself by your legal name. If your adoption by the people who have brought you up is legally in order, you will describe yourself as their daughter.

"WOULD you please advise me how to conduct a golden wedding reception? We intend to invite brothers and sisters, children and grandchildren, but do not know in what order the guests should be seated or the toasts proposed."

A golden wedding is usually celebrated by either a family dinner-party or an afternoon gathering.

Often, if children are to be present, it takes the latter form. The only toast necessary is to the

couple celebrating their anniversary. This is proposed by an old friend and responded to by the husband on behalf of his wife and himself.

If the celebration takes the form of a dinner-party and is held in the home of the couple, an honored guest should sit at the right hand of the host and hostess. If the party is in the home of someone else, those celebrating their golden wedding should sit on the right hand of those who are entertaining them.

"IS it correct when writing a note of condolence to someone who has suffered a recent bereavement to write on paper with a black border?"

Formerly it was the custom for friends expressing sympathy to use either a black-edged card or writing-paper. It is now considered correct to write on plain white paper with a matching envelope. In writing to thank those who have sent flowers and messages of sympathy, members of the bereaved family do so on black-edged stationery.

"WHEN I am away for any length of time from the man who wants to marry me, I long to see him. Yet I know he is capable of being small-minded and bad-tempered as well as having other grave faults. Can I be aware of these things and still really love him?"

Because love is tolerant, understanding, and forgiving all, you might still love this man whose faults are known to you. But your own commonsense must warn you that he would probably not make a good husband.

If, knowing what you do, you decide to marry him, you must be prepared to accept the consequences. Wiser counsels would prompt you to seek a different life partner.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"THE boy who has asked me to go to his school dance is 15. So am I. I have accepted, but as I have to have my mother's permission before going out, I am wondering if it would be the right thing to ask him to come to see mother himself and ask her if I may go to the dance with him."

I am sure your mother would greatly appreciate your intended partner presenting himself to her and asking her permission for you to go with him to his school dance. By all means suggest that he should do so.

"AS far as I can make out the only thing stopping the girl I love (and who loves me) from agreeing to marry me is the difference in our religions. I think she is being stubborn and that love is the only thing that matters."

I think a great deal depends on the people concerned. Some couples of different religions have managed to make a lasting success of their marriages. Others have found that the difference has constantly come between them.

No doubt a great deal depends on how important their religion is to those concerned.

Generally speaking, it must be more difficult for a husband and wife brought up within different churches to make a success of their marriage than a couple who share the same religious viewpoint.

"AFTER 15 years of marriage my husband has transferred his affections to another woman. I am a good manager, thrifty, and, I think, still attractive. We have a son of 15. I feel so frightfully broken up, and don't know what to do for the best."

A great many women in your position have found that their circle of friends, community, and domestic interests, together with the love and companionship of their children, have enabled them to carry on with grace and dignity.

In doing so they have won the respect of all who know them, and, though denied the rightful love and companionship of their husbands, have managed to build a full and fine life out of an unsuccessful marriage.

"SHOULD a lady's left hand be on her partner's shoulder or his back when dancing? If an evening bag is carried, should it be in the right or left hand?"

Certain customs have come to be accepted as correct among various groups of people. In some sets it is fashionable for the lady's left arm to rest on the right arm of her partner, while others prefer the older-established custom of placing it on his shoulder. Few girls now dance with their hand on their partner's back.

It is not usual to carry an evening bag while on the dance floor, but if one is carried it is easier to manage in the left hand.

I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP.

THIS PURE, WHITE SOAP HAS A PENETRATING ACTIVE LATHER..IT KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND SWEET

Actual statement by

Margaret Lockwood

Starring in "HUNGRY HILL,"
a J. Arthur Rank Production

No careless cleansing for Margaret Lockwood's Dresden Shepherdess complexion! She gives her skin regular active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap. Try this pure white soap yourself! Pat in the creamy Lux Toilet Soap lather. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Tests prove that 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with this simple care. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over.

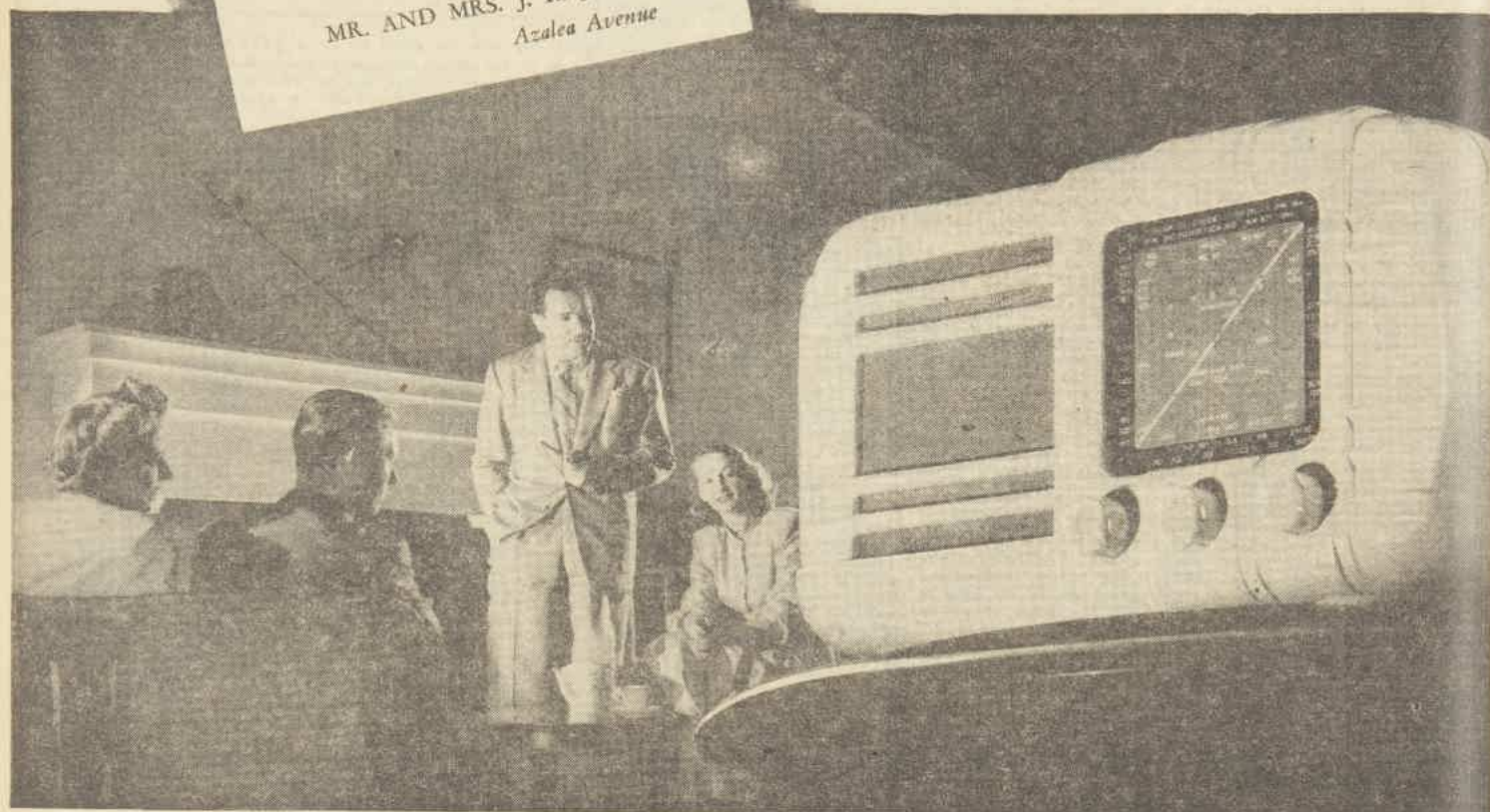
THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS



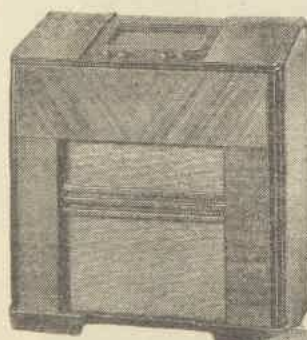
At Home

MR. AND MRS. J. R. JONES
Azalea Avenue

MODEL H55DE—A.C. operation: 5 valves . . . dual-wave reception . . . covers the new 540 k.c. band (more stations for you to hear than with pre-war radios!) . . . smartly styled plastic cabinet in ivory, walnut or green.



If you like to see your friends and your family gathered 'round the fire for a quiet evening's pleasure . . . if you enjoy the contentment that quiet conversation and sudden, thoughtful silences can bring, you've discovered one of the secrets of gracious living. And music is part of the secret—background music . . . dancing music . . . listening music. Music that comes from your radio with a richness and quality of tone that falls gratefully on the ear. Music as you hear it from a **HOTPOINT Bandmaster Micro-Sensitive Radio.**



MODEL B45DE, B45DM—A.C., battery, vibrator or dry cell operation: 5 valves . . . local and overseas reception . . . "On-Off" battery switch . . . dial illumination . . . tone switch . . . polished walnut veneer cabinet.



MODEL K55DM—Battery, vibrator or dry cell operation: 5 valves . . . local and overseas reception . . . "On-Off" battery switch . . . "Hi-Lo" tone switch . . . improved speaker . . . polished walnut veneer cabinet.

MODEL E38SE—A.C. operation: 8 valves . . . 7 band coverage with improved bandspreading . . . micrometer tuning control . . . "On-Off" power switch . . . tone control . . . 12" speaker.



● Illustrated is part of the complete HOTPOINT Bandmaster range . . . there are receivers available for A.C., Battery, Vibrator or Dry Cell operation, broadcast and dual-wave reception, mantel models to console cabinets.



Hotpoint
BAND-MASTER
micro-sensitive Radio

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Sydney, Newcastle, Tismore, Melbourne, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Townsville, Adelaide, Hobart, Launceston. Agent in W.A.: Atkins (W.A.) Ltd.

The Australian Women's Weekly—August 16, 1941

OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR HOTPOINT RETAILER

Here's expert advice on many beauty problems

WHETHER skirt lengths fall, rise, or remain as is, a trim, well-turned pair of legs is a continuing asset.

Many readers write about leg imperfections, so I have dealt with some of the remedies this week. Other answers concern over-plump arms, chapped hands, and the latest method of removing superfluous hair growth.

Q—Although I have been conscious for years that I have not a particularly graceful walk, I have only recently realised that I am a little knock-kneed; have you any exercises that would help me? I find that trying to walk along a straight line produces an extremely ungraceful walk, and also gives me a sore patch on the inside of each knee. Can you tell me something about correct walking?—E.M.T.

A—Like it or not, it seems to be true that large numbers of women are knock-kneed—sometimes slightly, often noticeably—and it's very often the result of bad posture. Unless there is actual bone curvature from disease, the benefits from proper straightening exercise, plus even distribution of body weight by good leg posture, are almost magical. Here are two good exercises:

1. Standing before a mirror, place heels and toes together. Relax the knees, then draw the backs of the calves together, pulling them as tight as you possibly can, until they hurt; in the mirror you will see the legs slowly straightening. Hold the tight, straight leg position while you count 10, then relax. Repeat 10 times.

2. Sit on the floor with hands behind the body. Bend knees and draw legs up close, feet on floor. Turning knees and toes out, slowly slide legs forward while turning the backs of the calves in toward each other, trying to make the smallest toes touch the floor. Push legs out straighter and straighter. Hold, and count 10. Relax. Repeat 10 times.

By all means walk a straight line so far as it is comfortably possible—don't force the pace, though; the important thing about a graceful walk is to hold yourself easily upright and move the whole body forward with each step. You've probably seen people who appear to sink into the hip with each step they take, which makes for a rolling, ungainly walk. The trick is to keep the ribs out of the waist, the waist out of the hips, and step along lightly without worrying too much about that imaginary line. Turn the toes out slightly if you find it helps.

Q—I was wondering if you could give me any exercises to build up my legs, especially my thighs; I have been told that riding a bike is excellent. — "Worried Grey Eyes."

A—Cycling is excellent for developing curvaceous legs; so is skating, ballet work, stair-walking, and ordinary walking.

Here are two leg exercises:

Use a telephone book or equivalent and (a) place the balls of the feet on the book and the heels on the floor. Raise the heels until you are on tiptoe. Slowly lower the heels to the floor. Repeat 12 times.

(b) Still using the same book, place the outer (weight bearing) part of each foot on the floor at the outside edges of the book, gripping the front edge of the book with the toes. Bend the knees. Pull knees as wide apart as possible without moving the feet. Repeat 12 times.

While concentrating on building up curves, shoe styles and stocking colors can be made to work for you; choose lowish or flat shoe styles

Carolyn Earle deals with a number of typical beauty queries here. If you have beauty problems on which you would like advice, write to her, but limit your questions to two. The address is at the top of page 9.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert



THIS POSITION is a simple test for balance as well as a good starting point for all standing leg exercises, because it calls for slight, active muscular control.

rather than height of heel, which is apt to give a continuing look of leg thinness; wear stockings in the pale tones

Q—I am very conscious of the plumpness of my shoulders and upper arms. Could you please suggest exercises to reduce the condition?—K.D.R.

A—To slim and firm the area, do these movements:

(a) Lie on the floor, knees bent, fingertips on shoulders, elbows at sides. Raise elbows and slap upper arm and shoulder, first one side, then the other, hard on the floor. Next raise arms to shoulder level and slap from there five times.

(b) Hold two books, each weighing about a pound, at arms' length in front of you. Slowly twist arms till palms face out. Repeat 10 times. Try a similar exercise with arms up or outstretched sideways.

Q—I am 5ft. 7in. and very slim, but despite this I have a noticeable bulge round the middle between the ribs and waistline; this seems most unusual and needs correction. — "Margie."

A—It is rather unusual—though not unheard of—for such a slim girl to have a spare tyre. But it is easily dealt with, and the explanation is simply that any weight you put on goes to your waistline. Exercise will take care of it. Try this—

with hands on hips and feet apart for balance, rotate the body at the waist in wide circles. Do it 12 times to start, then reverse the rotating movement.

Q—Is there any permanent method or treatment for ridding the face and lips of superfluous hairs? Is the electric needle satisfactory? I don't want anything to leave a disfigurement. — "Margo."

A—Currently recommended treatment for "permanent" removal of superfluous hairs is epilation by diathermy; I have it on expert authority that treatment is very fast, and although it cannot be claimed to be painless, some hardly feel it.

An extremely fine needle is inserted into the hair follicle, and the hair root is coagulated; success of the treatment depends upon the perfection and accuracy of probing, one hair at a time being removed. Inexpert handling could mean complete return of the growth.

Just as there can be no guaranteed permanency of removal, neither can it be said that no marks will result. However, it can be said that, provided the treating is done by a skilled and conscientious operator, marking is unlikely unless hairs are exceptionally strong and coarse. Treatments have been given too close together, or when certain health conditions prevail. Then slight marks may remain.

Hereditary cases are most likely to slight regrowth from time to time, but this can be controlled by further expert treatment. The patient should not tamper with such regrowth by using home treatments.

Q—Every winter I have a terrible time with chapped hands; I know all about keeping them out of water and creaming them at night, but that doesn't make much difference to me. Can you tell me of anything else I can do? — "Wintertime."

A—Try mixing two tablespoons of oatmeal with shredded castile soap in warm water; wash the hands in this mixture before going to bed, pat them dry, then massage in a little warm olive oil. Wear your mittens all night.

Q—I've suddenly noticed a lot of blackheads on the inside of my legs between the knee and ankle. How can I get rid of them? — "Katie."

A—Buy a firm little brush and use it to work up a good, soapy lather on your legs every time you take a bath. Scrub thoroughly every time; leg skin is a fairly tough article, but don't overdo it at first. If you don't usually wear stockings (and winter is no time to go without), do so at least until the black-head condition clears.

Q—I am 12 years old and I weigh 8st. 2lb. Could you tell me how to get slimmer? — E.T.

A—At 12, you are much too young to go on a general diet; you don't say how tall you are, so I cannot tell whether you are overweight; but in any case make a point of getting more exercise, either outdoors or at home, and give up second helpings of dessert and between-meal snacks.

DON'T BE LEFT OUT ON A LIMB!

● Are your legs too fat? Too thin? Not quite straight? Something can be done about all these faults with special exercises, and there are also rules of what not to do for each one. So don't be left out on a limb you're not satisfied with.

Obviously, bone structure cannot be changed with exercise, but heavy leg muscles can be lengthened and slimmed, spindly contours built up, and wrongly curved leg lines straightened. It will take time and perseverance.

With all leg normalising exercises remember these three things:

- Point (or pull down) with the heels . . .
- Work into action gradually . . .
- Expect to wait at least a month before you can see results.

*Clever Molly...
her last year's undies still have
that NEW LOOK...*

that LUX LOOK!



Woollies stay new-looking far longer with gentle Lux care!

Swansdown couldn't be softer than Lux-washed woollen undies. That's because gentle Lux care keeps them like new—not a sign of matting or shrinking. Don't risk ruining woolies by careless washing with strong soaps or harsh methods like bar soap rubbing. Lux care keeps woolies fresh and shapely—with that lovely new look, that LUX LOOK.



A pot of honey at the foot of their rainbow



CELEBRATING Dad's birthday at Port Germein. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, with daughters Rita, Frances, Joan, Fay, and baby Una.



FAY ARMSTRONG plays piano, which her family is taking to Western Australia, while Jamie Whiting and Bertram Pryor sing.



LOADING THE SEMI-TRAILER with 250 hives, the men all wear nets to protect them from hostile bees. These hives are being taken from their temporary depot at Port Germein for ralling in Kalgoorlie.

Beekeepers and their families follow the flowers across Australia to new home

By FREDA YOUNG, of our Adelaide staff

Back home at Yeoval, New South Wales, migratory beekeepers Richard Whiting, of Molong, and Frank Armstrong are known as "Yeovalanders."

With a party of seven other men, six women, and nine children they are making a transcontinental trek of 2400 miles from the heart of New South Wales to Perth.

THERE, among Western Australia's virgin forests and famous wildflowers, they

hope to find new and permanent pastures for their millions of bees.

Their convoy, now familiar in many country districts, is made up of two cars, five steel caravans, a utility truck, four ordinary trucks, and a semi-trailer, all of which, with 2000 beehives and millions of bees, honey extractor, etc., are valued at £25,000. Their bees, bee equipment, and sundries weigh 80 tons.

Photographer Ross Rainsford and I met the overlanders at the beginning of the second stage of their pilgrimage on the eve of crossing the Nullarbor Plain to Kalgoorlie.

They were camped at Port Germein, a small coastal town on the East-West railway, fourteen miles north of bustling Port Pirie.

In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whiting, their daughter, Mrs. Ross Pryor, and her small son Bertram, their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Whit-

ing, and their three children—James, Joy, and Richard—a cousin, Lachlan Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Armstrong and daughter Fay, Joan, Frances, Rita, and baby Una, one year old; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Brooks, Max and Carl Howarth, and Colin Betts.

They had already come 800 miles via Forbes, Wyalong, Hay, Balranald, Renmark, and across country to Port Pirie and Port Germein.

Sixteen of the party will stay in the West, the rest are friends and neighbors lending a hand in the big move.

When we arrived at the camp men were packing stores, loading drums of petrol and water on to lorries, and checking over the engines before the long drive.

Womenfolk were in the caravans, from which issued a familiar clatter of washing up, and laundry was flapping in the breeze. One woman was pressing her husband's trousers.

Children were playing about outside, riding tricycles and toy motor cars, all delighted at the prospect of no more school for a while.

Only the bees were at rest, peacefully parked in the quiet of the scrub, two miles distant.

After being in the maille country at Balranald, N.S.W., near the Victorian and South Australian borders, for months, the bees were brought into Port Germein in relay.

Only the night before Mr. Armstrong and his drivers had come in from their third trip with the last of the 15 lorry loads of hives. Their semi-trailer alone could carry 250 hives.

Although this trip has been planned for months, many of the arrangements are made as the convoy proceeds.

Local conditions influence many decisions.

When the party arrived at Port Pirie the stationmaster was consulted about ralling the bees.

At his suggestion the travellers went on to sparsely populated Port Germein.

The reason?

There were fewer people there to be stung.

Mr. Whiting went ahead to Kalgoorlie to find a suitable place for the bees somewhere in the scrub.

His colleagues had to wait for word before ralling the hives and following with the convoy.

Ralling the bees was mainly dictated by economy.

"It was cheaper than hauling by road, besides which it was only a 48-hour journey by train against many days by road."

"Quite a consideration for bees," said Mr. Armstrong.

"In summer, bees could not stay confined for even two days, but now they are fairly dormant and will be all right for perhaps three or four days, but no longer."

Continued on page 35



ACTIVITY about the five steel caravan "homes" at camp before party set off across Nullarbor Plain.



MRS. FRED PARKER, whose husband is assisting beekeepers on trip, takes cake from stove.



PLENTY OF WATER is needed for the long trek across the Nullarbor Plain, so the womenfolk lend a hand in rolling the water drums aboard the lorries.

SPEED WIZARD TRIES AGAIN

Hazards are just extra spice to adventurous Malcolm Campbell

From BILL STRUTTON of our London office

At 62, Sir Malcolm Campbell is attempting the world water speed record with new jet engines, the behaviour of which is almost unknown.

But to him this tremendous hazard only seems to sprinkle additional spice on the adventure which may well prove to be the most dangerous in his career.

HE is living at adventure novelist Sax Rohmer's former home in leafy Reigate, Surrey.

But he is a hero greater than any created by the man who built the house, and he is still looking for adventure.

Even at 62 he is setting his cap at another world record as lightly as if he were forty years younger.

Tanned, blue-eyed, immensely fit, he told me: "So far my luck has held. If it changes, well, I shall not be there to complain — not that I should ever do so."

The ambition that spurred him to be the first man in the world to travel at 150 miles an hour on land still burns in him as strongly as ever.

His Bluebird II looks like a monster cuttish with two sunken eyes marking the jet intakes glaring from just in front of the cockpit. A monster, strangely alive and alive.

Nonchalant manner

AT her first trial nobody knew what she was going to do.

Campbell climbed aboard and jumped nonchalantly in the cockpit while his mechanics eased Bluebird II down the slipway at Coniston Water.

The force of the new jet engines might spin her in a circle, lift her

into the air, or plough her into the water.

The mechanics fended her off gingerly. There was a roar that rose to a frightening whine and the air behind the Bluebird shimmered transparently with the blast of the exhaust.

She was off, screaming over the water with the nose holding steadily and flinging only the merest flicker of spray to each side.

Halfway up the lake she went suddenly into a swerve. Watchers gasped while Bluebird skidded sideways and Campbell, braking in the instant before she got beyond control, brought her floundering to a stop.

Phew! The end of the first trial. He was alive to try again.

That one single incident in his first trial run, which might have cost the world a hero, means just one more cold fact for a scientist to add to his collection of data. For Malcolm Campbell it means more weeks of careful work and thought, of putting from his mind for the time being all sorts of other private matters.

"Few people," he says, "who have never to achieve things can guess the price that has to be paid."

"When there's a record I have set my mind on getting, my whole life is concentrated on the obstacles to the exclusion of every little thing that tempts me to relax."

Sir Malcolm thinks it is his discontented mind which has led him

into adventures all over the world, though he remembers that his thirst for adventure was whetted by reading Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" at the age of eleven, and by a subsequent thorough course of the same author.

His father, a stern man with rather Victorian ideas, first of all sent him to Egypt to study, broaden his mind, and decide on a profession.

Later he sent young Malcolm to Germany because his mind was still not made up.

The lad got into a scrap by hanging out the British flag in a town sympathetic to the Boers.

But he won his first race—a bike race—on a home-made track, and came back thinking himself no end of a fellow.

He still hadn't made up his mind. And his father ignored his interest in horseless carriages.

His thirst for thrills had its first reward back in 1906 when a group of young men assembled furtively on a misty morning before the police were about.

The occasion was a motor-cycle race from London to the South Coast. Campbell won it easily.

Helped build plane

THEN he formed a club composed of adventurous youths with the object of building a flying machine.

His father had by this time insisted on putting him in a London insurance office, but he worked all night in the shed they had hired at Orpington, and travelled up to work in London by day.

When the day arrived to test out the aeroplane, Campbell, unanimously chosen as pilot, set it hopping over the field. It took one leap into the air before it nose-dived into the ground with the propeller shooting off at a tangent. He was unhurt.

Since those days his exploits have had a variety unrivalled by the fiction of any single novelist, however fertile his imagination.

Malcolm Campbell distinguished himself as a flier in the first World War. When he came home he shut



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL wearing a protective life-jacket before taking out Bluebird II for her first trial run at Coniston Water.

up his insurance office and just followed the urge of adventure wherever it led him.

He heard of a clue to twelve million pounds' worth of treasure, alleged to be buried by pirates in the Cocos Island, in the Pacific, and went with another famous racing motorist, Lee Guinness, to find it.

The public sat up and took notice when Danish officials timed his "Bluebird" (christened as a symbol of good luck and happiness) to a speed of 150.25 miles an hour, on Faroe Island.

Campbell had achieved his first aim.

When higher speeds made Brooklands impracticable and took the search for speed to Daytona and the Utah salt flats, Malcolm Campbell was the central figure in a ding-dong battle for speed where world records sometimes only stood for days, and where, in September, 1935, he was the first man to drive a car at 300 miles an hour.

After that, he kept a promise to his wife to give up land speed records.

In between these hair-raising bids which kept motorizing circles wondering just how much longer he would last, he sandwiched in another treasure hunt for a gold reef in West Africa, was lost in the desert looking for a reported stretch of level sand suitable for another record, and hunted for silver in the Salvage Islands.

In the first adventure he nearly trod on a horned viper, picked up a stone to smash its head—hardly a wise thing to try—and found a scorpion underneath.

In the search for a speed land-strip he crashed in the Mediterranean, was twice captured by Rifas, and each time escaped by bluff.

In his Cocos Island search for pirates' trove he set alight to scrub which blazed over the whole island and drove him into the sea, where he spent the night waist-deep and with the flesh scorching off him.

But the old lure of speed called Sir Malcolm Campbell back to beat the world's water speed record, which he brought up to over 141 miles an hour—temptingly near his coveted 150—in 1939.

British speedboat design benefited hugely from the lessons of these tests, which became of immense value in the war.

So did Sir Malcolm's experience with engines when he was consulted on engine design to be incorporated in Army tanks.

Beckkeepers and families cross Australia to new home in West

Continued from page 34

THEIR rations for the trip, 15 to 20 pounds of honey left in the hives at the end of last season, would be sufficient to carry them to Kalgoorlie," he said.

Drought and the failure to replant forests have forced N.S.W. beekeepers like the Whittings and the Armstrongs to go long distances in seeking flowers for their bees.

Consequent separation from their families was a problem to Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Whiting.

At the beekeepers' conference in Adelaide last year they talked with Western Australian men, and later Mr. and Mrs. Whiting visited Perth.

They travelled extensively, were expensively treated by local farmers, and were thrilled with what they saw.

Later, they conferred with the Armstrongs, and the families began to make plans to move across.

"Mr. Whiting and I are not partners, but are friends who cooperate," said Mr. Armstrong. "Our old homes were 30 miles apart."

"We considered all possible ways of getting over. We thought of selling out and buying in again over there, but beekeeping material is almost unobtainable. It is in very short supply in Western Australia owing to shortage of timber for hives."

"We decided the best plan would be to remove all our hives and bees as a going concern, so that when we arrived in Western Australia we would be able to go into full production immediately."

"Prospects last spring were good at Balranald, and although it was

about 400 miles from our homes it was on the road to Western Australia, so we moved our equipment there."

"The Mallee and river gums yielded about 100 tons of honey."

"When we had finished with the crop we built our caravans which were to be homes during the trip, and our homes for the first few years in Western Australia."

"From Kalgoorlie we will have to move out to the first timber to bloom, which will be in the inland portion of the State. About September we expect to get our first crop of honey from the mallee," Mr. Armstrong said.

"For the rest, it is all just a glorious uncertainty."

"Last year some of our bees were on the east coast of N.S.W., at Taree. This year they will be on the west coast of Western Australia."

Mr. Whiting is a former presi-

dent of the New South Wales Commercial Apiarists' Association. Mr. Armstrong resigned from the presidency a few weeks ago to take this trip.

The caravans built by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Armstrong, who were both carpenters before they were beekeepers, are already paying dividends in comfort, convenience, and labor saving.

"My wife is better in health now that she hasn't a big house to look after," Mr. Armstrong said.

Twenty-four feet long by eight feet wide, the caravans are built of zinc annealed steel, artistically lined inside.

The two Whiting families have a large caravan each and share a smaller one designed as bathroom-cum-laundry.

The Armstrongs have two large caravans, one for sleeping, the other being office, sitting-room, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry.

Fittings include electric light and water systems, stainless steel sinks, fuel stoves, hand basins, full-size refrigerators, coppers, troughs, sew-

ing machines, wirelesses, and built-in furniture.

As well they have brought some of the things from their old homes. Cupboards are built in. Mr. Armstrong's caravans have 28 cupboard doors.

And there's still room to move.

Cosy home touches are supplied by pretty curtains at the windows, linens and rugs on the floors, bedside lamps, chiming clock, books on shelves, and tennis racquets.

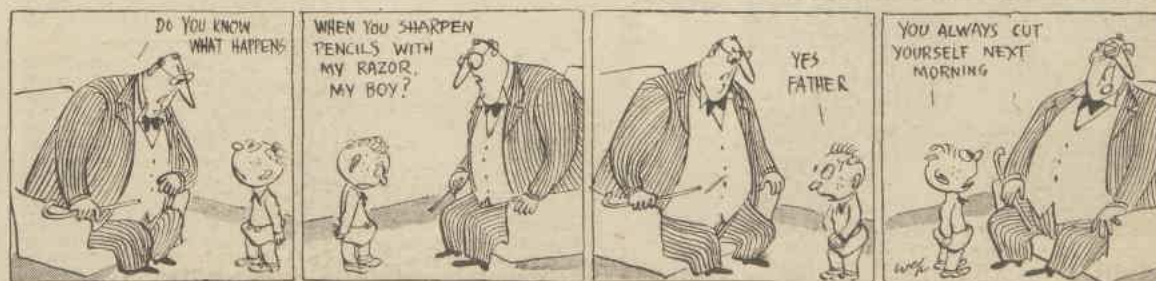
The Armstrongs are taking Mrs. Armstrong's glory-box, made by her husband before they were married, and a picture frame made by Mr. Armstrong's grandfather, because it has family memories.

Already Mrs. Pryor has made her mother a handsome grey woollen frock on Mrs. Whiting's sewing machine, and trimmed it with beads and sequins.

Fresh milk, meat, and vegetables are bought en route.

Cupboards are full of tinned stuff and Mrs. Whiting has 80 jars of preserves made by herself.

And honey! "We are the best honey eaters in the world," she says.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



JUDY GARLAND photographed recently in Hollywood with Bob Lucas, who is in charge of the MGM Technical and Construction Department in Australia. The candid camera snapped Bob with Judy on the set of "The Pirate," in which she co-stars with Gene Kelly.

Long rest needed by Judy Garland

Enthusiasm for her career caused breakdown

By cable from VIOLA MacDonald in Hollywood

Judy Garland's many friends in Hollywood say that twenty-three-year-old Judy has changed greatly since she started her career as a plump schoolgirl singing "Dear Mr. Gable."

Few people were surprised recently when her husband, Vincent Minelli, and her studio, MGM, reported that because of a breakdown in her health she had gone to a sanatorium in Connecticut for a three months' rest cure.

JUDY, pale and thin after practically non-stop singing and dancing roles in one film after another, left accompanied by a nurse and her baby, Liza.

Minelli said that the doctors pronounced Judy organically sound but badly in need of rest and relaxation, which she is unable to get in Hollywood due to constant work both on and off the screen.

With Judy away, her husband is redecorating their new Malibu Beach home for her.

Meanwhile, shooting continues on Judy's film "The Pirate" after she finished her role opposite Gene Kelly.

Judy did five songs and two dance

numbers, while Kelly still has one dance to complete.

Judy's desire to return to the cameras too soon after her child's birth is largely responsible for her setback.

Black-eyed and black-haired baby Liza, now 18 months, is the apple of her mother's eye, and has a nursery specially designed by her father, who is an expert interior decorator as well as a famous director.

Liza also has a record album containing songs from all her mother's pictures, including her latest numbers from "The Pirate," which were written by Cole Porter.

Chatting with Gene Kelly about Garland, I learned that in "The Pirate" Judy has the role of a convent-bred girl in a mythical Caribbean kingdom who fancies herself in love with a bold pirate whom she has never seen. Her family wants her betrothed to the island's mayor, played by Walter Slezak.

"I enter the picture as an actor with a strolling troupe of singers," said Gene.

"I fall in love with Judy and pretend to be the notorious pirate whom she thinks she loves. Complications arise when mayor Walter Slezak turns out to be a real pirate and tries to take my life. I have a wonderful opportunity to indulge in a Douglas Fairbanks type of swash-buckling role, with fighting and leaping about."

New film planned

"WHEN Judy returns from her rest cure, we hope to do Irving Berlin's 'Easter Parade' as our next starring film."

The youthful dancing team of Garland and Kelly brings back memories of the days of Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

If Judy regains her bounce and nerve these two may well pass Rogers and Astaire, as their versatility is equally good.

Both Judy and Gene have good singing voices which blend well together.

"The Pirate" and "Easter Parade" will be in technicolor.

Judy's favorite scene in "The Pirate" according to Gene is where she does a clown dance and song with her pretty face white-washed, a red nose and a red gauch for her mouth.

She brought baby Liza on to the set to watch this number.

Judy Garland with her big brown eyes and soft brown hair is never likely to win any fashion award. She always dresses simply, and when not working often appears in slacks and a blouse.

For her role in "The Pirate" she wears gorgeous pure silk frocks in rainbow hues to blend with the lush tropical atmosphere of the West Indies.

Her close friend and companion is her sister Dorothy, who has found a place for herself as one of the best script girls at Metro.

Though Dorothy seldom works on the same picture as her famous sister, the girls usually lunch together, comparing notes on their current productions.

All Hollywood wishes tiny Judy Garland a swift return to good health.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 115-117 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Film Reviews

★★ DOWN TO EARTH

GRECIAN goddesses, heavenly beings, gangsters, and Broadway theatricals have been tossed into a technicolor musical by Columbia, and the result is a dish of whimsy which should have good audience appeal.

Rita Hayworth heads the cast as the Grecian goddess Terpsichore, who pops down to earth per kind favor of Mr. Jordan (Roland Culver) and Messenger 7013 (Edward Everett Horton).

The wandering goddess assumes a human frame and name and promptly takes over the starring role of a Broadway musical. Her attempts to make the producer (Larry Parks) refrain from five numbers and rely on Grecian dances are more successful than the play, so poor Terpsichore has to admit that modern dances and "hot" songs are what the public wants. She foils the murder plans of a gangster before she returns to Parnassus and her sister goddesses.

Whether she is wearing fabulou

mink or diaphanous chiffon, Miss Hayworth is as eye-filling as ever, and her dancing with Marc Platt is a delight. Larry Parks, fresh from his triumph in "The Jolson Story," gives the star solid support. In their respective roles, Roland Culver, Edward Everett Horton, George Macready, Adele Jergens, and James Gleason help to give the lavishly staged film extra helpings of talent and good looks. Marc Platt is a dancer to remember—State; showing

★★ PERILS OF PAULINE

FILMGOERS who can look back to the years when Pearl White was queen of the exciting movie serials will have to acknowledge that Paramount plus Betty Hutton have done a good job (in technicolor) in relating a film comedy version of Miss White's life.

Though the picture has the same title as the screen's most famous serial, it deals with the career of Pearl White from when she was a factory girl in New York till her rise to top film billing.

Effervescent and noisy Betty Hutton revels in the part. Her singing is apt to strain the eardrums, but her sense of comedy and her enthusiasm make good entertainment. The romantic angle (a fictitious one) is in the hands of John Lund, while that priceless comedian, Billy De Wolfe, and dryly humorous William Demarest help Betty romp her way through a well-directed and sometimes nostalgic modern version of an early film tradition—Prince Edward; showing

FIVE Los Angeles manufacturers have turned their plants over to manufacturing suits of ancient armor for the enormous cast of soldiers required for the Ingrid Bergman film "Joan of Lorraine."

The armor is to be patterned after Ingrid's tailor-made suit which was whipped up by researchers at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Ingrid's leading man in the stage-play, Sam Wanamaker, is now working at Warners', and had this to say about Bergman:

"Ingrid is always first in my heart and last to get my jokes."

British studio news . . .

AN almost complete film unit went into the country to take 1000 film stills of Patricia Roc.

It was the first move in Rank's new world publicity drive and this type of work, which left Patricia "a wreck," is already known as "stills location."

There were candid cameramen, fashion photographers, make-up experts, hairdressers, wardrobe assistants, propmen — and even a dog expert.

Pat had to fish, swim, cycle, gather flowers, picnic, pitch camp, boat, punt, enjoy life with the villagers, pose on hilltops, motor, ride, shoot, photograph the photographer, romp with dogs and Siamese cats, manage

a pony trap, amble with her family, and look glamorous in the latest styles from Bond Street.

Stills location is hardly as inactive as the name implies and I tip that it will be a dreaded name among stars in the future.

ERIC PORTMAN has signed another contract, requiring him to make six films for magnate Rank in three years.

That will keep at least one top-line British star away from Hollywood.

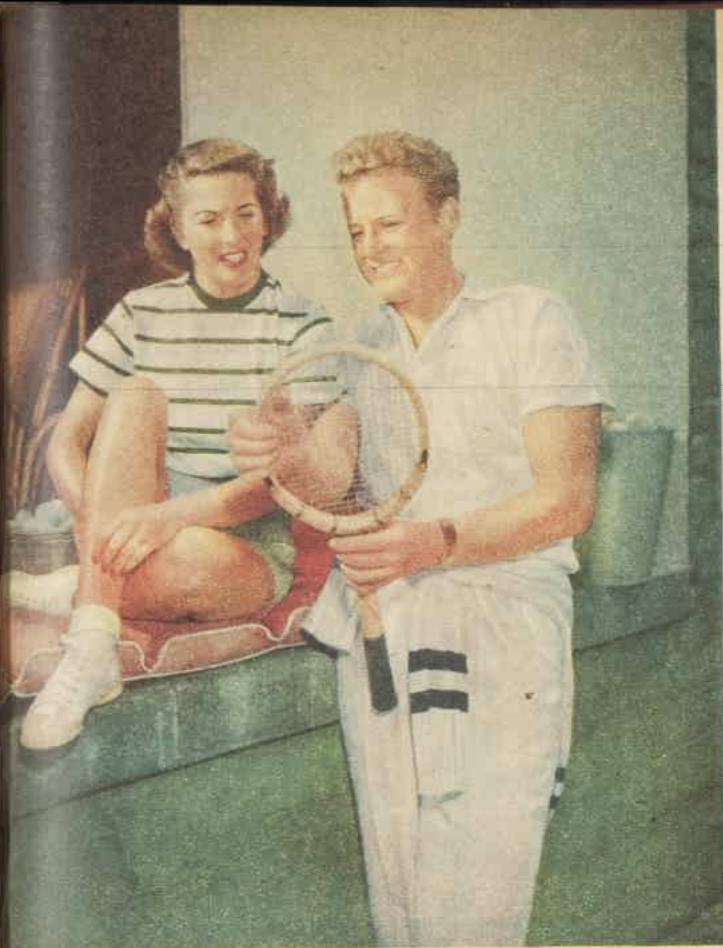


SMILING TRIO at Gainsborough studio when Michael Wilding (left), Pamela Mathews, and Stewart Granger meet to discuss Pamela's most recent film, "Top Secret," after its premiere in London. Star of the film is Sir Ralph Richardson.



MARK STEVENS, Fox star, takes time off from his scenes in the technicolor musical "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" to play with a puppy belonging to one of the technicians. The film will be Stevens' first musical.

Stars at rest



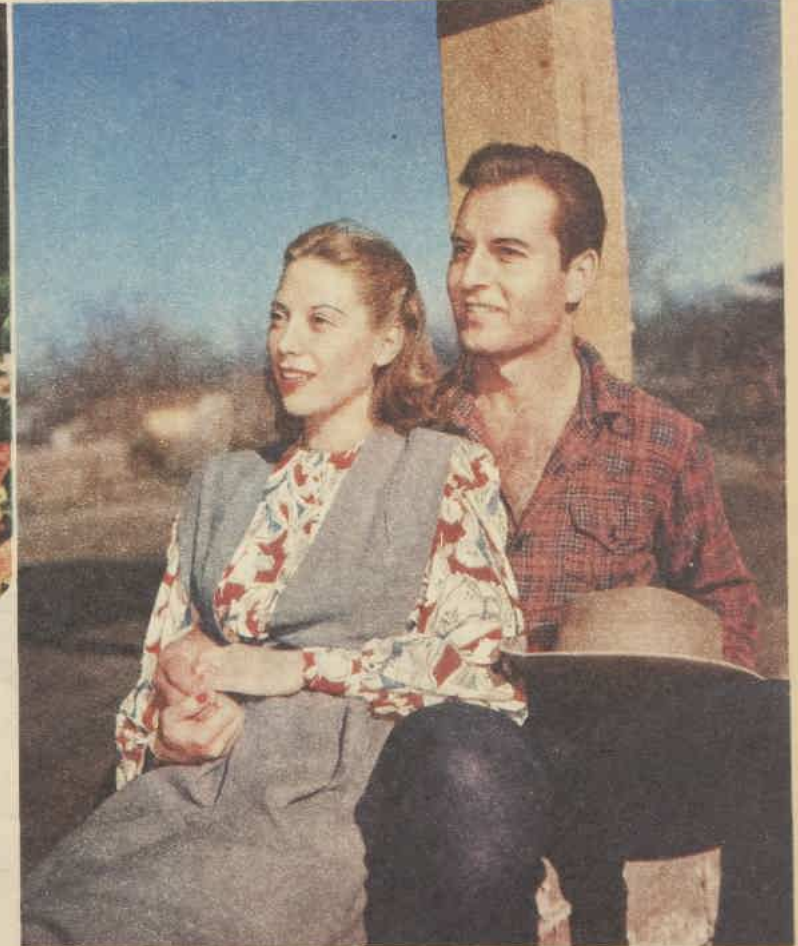
VAN JOHNSON and his wife, Evie, relax after a game of tennis. Van's next film for MGM is "Virtuous," with June Allyson.



PATRICIA ALPHIN, Universal player, likes nothing better than sun-baking in the garden of her home. Universal are grooming her for a new dramatic role.



DEBORAH KERR, now under contract to MGM, has taken over lovely Hollywood home, where she is expecting the birth of her first child. Deborah will be seen next in "If Winter Comes," with Walter Pidgeon.



DINAH SHORE and her husband, George Montgomery, are one of Hollywood's most devoted couples, and have been married four years. Dinah is spending most of her time on radio work, and is considered one of America's top-notch singers. George will be seen next in Fox's "The Brasher Dubloon," with Nancy Guild.

THE
GIFT

Magnificent

FOR BIRTHDAYS, PRESENTATIONS,
CHRISTMAS GIFTS . . .

Here is the SINGLE-
ACTION Automatic
Lighter—one hand
action) GUARANTEED
—made in pure silver on
nickel silver base—the gift
of distinction, priced at
39/6. Also available in
24ct. gold plate.
NOTHING SO TIMELY AS



Arlington

ARISTOCRAT OF LIGHTERS — E.P.M.S. A1. SILVER

From Departmental Stores, Jewellers and Leading Tobacconists.
World Distributors: Phillip Luxar & Co., Pty. Ltd., 375 Kent Street, Sydney.

A FLICK...A FLASH...A FLAME

ARE YOU KEEPING
*That Youthful
Radiance & Charm*

SMART clothes attract attention, but it is the woman who has freshness and charm who wins real admiration. These enviable qualities come from perfect inner health, which so many enjoy by taking Bile Beans regularly—just a couple at bedtime.

Being purely vegetable, Bile Beans gently but effectively ensure complete elimination of toxic food-wastes. That is the secret of inner health. Your entire system is toned up. You feel bright, energetic, fit.

So, if you want to be always at your very best, take Bile Beans, the popular tonic-laxative.

*Beauty from Inner Health
by taking*

BILE BEANS

In handy 1/3 and 3/- (family) sizes, of all chemists

**I'm all glowing
and warm, with
GLO-RUB**

Even the most obstinate cold will respond to a HEARNE'S GLO-RUB treatment. It is very simple. Just put a little GLO-RUB in the nostrils and use GLO-RUB liberally to rub the chest and throat. Its soothing and penetrating vapour opens up the nasal passages for easy breathing, releases secretions and soothes swollen and irritated membranes. It penetrates in through the pores of the chest and throat to do a power of good with its pleasant and comforting warmth.

"BREATHE IT IN—AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD"

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC



1 WELCOME HOME for war veteran Sgt. Al Stephenson (March) from wife Milly (Loy), son Ron (Hall), and daughter Peggy (Wright) presents difficulties, as Al feels family is strange.



2 SQUALID CONDITIONS in home of Lieut. Fred Derry (Andrews) ruin his return and make him determined to find his war bride (Mayo), who has got a job.

Academy Award Winner

The Best Years of Our Lives

FOUR 1946 Academy Awards and a special award were given to people associated with the production of the Goldwyn film released by RKO. Sam Goldwyn received an Oscar for producing the Best Film of The Year, and also for the best edited film. Fredric March was acclaimed the best actor, and the disabled war veteran Harold Russell got an Oscar as the best supporting actor, also a special award for the most natural acting.

Included in the cast are Myrna Loy, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, and Michael Hall.

The human interest story was written by well-known author McKinlay Kantor.



3 CIVILIAN LIFE is difficult for disabled sailor Homer (Russell), who fears pity of his fiancée Wilma (O'Donnell).



4 AFTER COLLAPSE following reunion celebration and vain search for wife, Fred is taken to Stephenson's home.



5 RETURN to job in bank with promotion to control of loans to veterans finds Al still restless and critical of bank's policy. He also is alarmed at growing interest between Fred and Peggy.



6 FINAL SEPARATION for Fred and his wife comes when he finds her entertaining another man. He has lost his job after fight in shop when Homer is insulted.



7 MISUNDERSTANDING ends between Homer and Wilma when she persuades him that the loss of his hands has not affected her wish to marry him and that she admires his courage.



8 BETTER FUTURE for trio is predicted at wedding of Homer and Wilma, when Fred has new job and is free to marry Peggy, and Al has reorganised bank work.

NEW COLOR ACCENTS



• **AUSTRALIAN CRAFTSMEN** under the direction of Professor Korody, Hungarian artist, are producing colorful articles like these.



• **FIREPLACE SCENE** in the Artes Studio at Darling Point, N.S.W., where the work of Professor Korody is displayed. Note the wrought candlestick holder, log-basket.



• **ABORIGINAL MOTIFS** decorate pottery which, with lamp, aboriginal figure, and the hand-woven drape in a glorious atrelitzia design, were shown at recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition.



• **DAILY DECORATED** with Hungarian peasant designs, the wall cocktail cabinet contains a pottery drinking-set, which includes a flask modelled on those carried by Central European cowherds. Note textile design.

★ Central European motifs and gay colors distinguish these ornaments and furnishings designed by Professor George Korody, Hungarian artist and architect, who is now living in Australia. In contrast is the Australian character of some beautiful pieces, also illustrated on this page, and recently exhibited by members of the Society of Arts and Crafts of N.S.W.



• **ANOTHER** striking group at N.S.W. Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Textile design, bust, pottery, and hand-woven fabric demonstrate skill and ingenuity of craftworkers.

Fair Heads

STAY
Fair
WITH
STA-BLOND:
New
"MAKE-UP"
SHAMPOO

BRING BACK to
fair hair that
has gone 'sort of' no colour—
mousy, fairish or brownish, the
LOVELY, LUSTROUS LIGHTER
COLOUR OF CHILDHOOD

—without ugly bleaching

KEEP fair hair
from darkening with age

Sta-Blond's NEW "Make-up" Shampoo contains two wonderful new discoveries—Lansol and Calophol—which end "dry scalp" and make hair easy to manage. Try it. See why 35,000,000 packets of Sta-Blond were sold in United States, Great Britain, Sth. Africa, Canada, Australia and other countries of the world in 1946. ("Called Blondex in some countries.")

STA-BLOND MAKES YOU
PRETTIER!
Fasett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 367988, Sydney

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE
Friends—invitations—
outing!

LEARN AT HOME
Be playing all your
favourite tunes and
Screen hits in a few
weeks with a
SAMPSON
POSTAL COURSE
costs nothing if
not satisfied.

LEARN AT HOME FOR
2/6
WEEKLY
IT'S A
REVELATION
IN MUSIC

● No scales or exercises.
● No need to be clever.
● Beginners start playing in 30 minutes.

**LESSONS
INSTRUMENTS**
From 2/6 weekly whenever
you live for either—

★ Banjo Mandolin
★ Hill-billy Guitar
★ Steel Guitar
★ Piano Accordion
★ Button Accordion
★ Mouth Organ
★ Piano ★ Ukulele
★ Banjo Ukulele
★ Saxophone
★ Violin ★ Clarinet

FREE Write for free catalogue
and booklet (state instrument
favoured) to—

SAMPSONS, Dept. 28
441 Kent St.
Box 4184X, G.P.O., Sydney

Australia's **FOREMOST** School



I never lose time from
work now. Those Back-
aches and Headaches have
gone since I have been
taking Ford Pills, and I
can work all day without
getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the con-
centrated extracts that
give you the valuable
laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic
tubes. F.I.A.

FORD PILLS



AN AMERICAN COCKTAIL TABLE with junior tables that fit under-
neath at each corner. They can be used for snack tables or seats. A
home carpenter could make a set like this at little cost. It is one of
the many pieces designed to conserve space.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

QUICKEST way to shred soap is
to use an ordinary grater.
Afterwards, grater can be used to
lather the washing-up water.

A GOOD idea after washing an
ironing-board cover is to put it
back on the board damp. It will
shrink as it dries, and so give the
board a smooth, tight appearance.

FRESH coffee and tea stains can
be removed from linen by wash-
ing immediately in hot water. If
stubborn, soak a while in warm
water to which a little ammonia or
borax has been added. Wash in the
usual way.

IF baby's woolies are turning a
yellowish color, add a little per-
oxide to the final rinsing water.
After washing them. Dry in direct
sunlight. Allow 1 1/2 oz. peroxide to
one gallon of water.

IT is said that new stockings will
be given a longer lease of life if
they are rinsed through hot water
before being worn. This toughens
the silk, and they are less likely to
ladder.

Golden glow is easy to grow and decorative

● Often miscalled a globe
sunflower, the golden glow
really belongs to the rud-
beckia or coneflowers, but
no one will deny its bright-
ness or gaiety.

Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

A RATHER coarse, hardy
perennial with its abun-
dant golden double yellow
flowers, it grows to 6ft. or
more, and should, therefore,
be given a back place in the
border beds.

It prefers a sunny location, but
will thrive in almost any garden
soil. The blossoms, up to 4in. in
diameter, provide welcome color in
the garden and bright flowers for
cutting from December to late
March.

Plants are easily grown from seed
or cuttings and large clumps can
—and indeed should—be divided
from time to time, otherwise they
over-run the bed and encroach on
other plants, besides deteriorating
in strength and vigor themselves.

The plant has few enemies, prob-
ably the worst being slugs, snails,
and certain caterpillars, all of which
can be checked by spraying with
lead arsenate.

Other members of the rudbeckia



OIL UP your sewing machine for
spring dressmaking, but remem-
ber to stitch through a piece of
flannel or other absorbent
material afterwards. Blotting
paper does the job well too.

NEEDLES with small eyes are a
nuisance, but threading can be
a simple matter if you hold a piece
of white paper or material behind
the eye of the needle.

KEEP coffee fresh longer by pour-
ing from packet into glass jar
with an air-tight lid.

Seek early treatment for cancer

By MEDICO

"DOCTOR, I've had this
sore on my face for
six weeks. It won't
heal," said Mrs. Sand-
erson. She looked tense and
troubled, and admitted, "I've been
afraid of cancer all my life."

"Everyone is afraid of cancer,
Mrs. Sanderson," I said, "but the
easy way to fight cancer is to con-
trol it in the early stages. Cancer
usually gives warning."

"Danger signals are any unusual
lump or thickening, especially in
the breast; irregular or unexplained
bleeding; sores that do not heal,
especially about the mouth, lips,
and tongue; and continuous loss of
appetite or indigestion in late
middle-age."

"If people would come to their
doctors about these things, as you
have done, without waiting for pain
to develop, we would cease to have
a cancer problem."

"Why is cancer dangerous?"

"Once a cancer starts, the cells
spread with varying degrees of
rapidity, forming a growth. That
is why treatment is most effective
in the early stages. Each year the
medical profession is in a better
position to control cancer."

"Atomic energy is the latest dis-
covery to be used in the treatment
of cancer. By what is known as the
'fission process' radio-active sub-
stances can be used in teleradium
therapy."

"Doctors to-day have the know-
ledge and means to control cancer,
but control is much more effective
in the early stages. Pain is not a
sign of early cancer."

"Why have I developed this sore
on my face?" asked Mrs. Sanderson.
"You have reddish hair," I told
her, "and you spend a lot of your
time outdoors in the garden. The
continued exposure to the sun's rays
has irritated the cells of the skin."

"Redheads are short on pigment
in their skin. The pigment protects
the skin from sun. That's why
negroes don't get sunburnt. But
blondes and especially redheads
should always wear a shady hat to
protect their skin from sun."

"Will you have to operate on this
sore to heal it up?" she asked.

"I'll cure it much more gently,
with radium," I told her, "You
have no need to fear cancer, because
you have fought it in the most
effective way—by seeing your doctor
early."

[All names in this article are
fictitious.]



Achieve a lipstick colour that is yours and
yours alone... with Corinne MAGIC. A
neutral orange shade in
the tube. Corinne
MAGIC actually changes
colour on your lips to
produce your own
individual tone of soft,
natural red. Positively
indelible.

23/37,
chemists & stores

AMERICAN COSMETICS PTY. LTD., 278 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY

Seals CUTS
and
SCRATCHES
from Infection

Look for the Trade Mark
VASELINE—your guarantee of
the highest quality petroleum
jelly, scientifically refined,
chemically purified. It's SAFE
because it's PURE.



Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL
IRRITATION

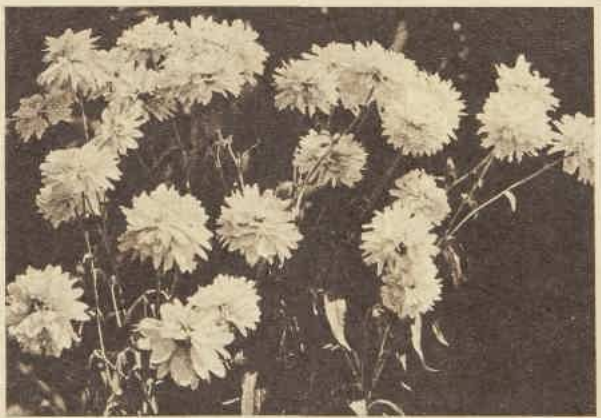
BOILS
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES

The moist heat of an ANTI-
PHLOGISTINE poultice
relieves cough, tightness
of chest, muscle soreness,
due to chest cold, bron-
chial irritation and sore
throat.

Apply an ANTIPHLOGIS-
TINE poultice just hot
enough to be comfortable
—then feel the moist heat
go right to work on that
cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness.
Effective and soothing for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE
poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling,
limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to a
sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition.
It is also effective for boils. Get
ANTIPHLOGISTINE at your chemist or
store to-day.

Stay as sweet as you are
with
Staisweet
Staisweet
The Deodorant Cream
You can trust



GOLDEN GLOW OR CONEFLOWER is a hardy perennial plant of the
rudbeckia family. It grows well and easily in almost any sort of soil
if given an open, sunny location.

family are either annuals or bien-
nials. Probably the best known is
rudbeckia hirta, or Black-eyed Susan
of the fields, a very sturdy plant
with yellow flat petals and a cone-
shaped centre almost black. This
variety is an annual and grows to
about 3ft.

Other well-known varieties are
rudbeckia bicolor superba (large
flowered yellow with dark spots),
Kelvedon Star (golden yellow,
mahogany centre), and Mon Plaisir
(5in. flowers of deep chrome yellow).
The last three should be
sown from seed in spring.



Simple Dishes

• Simple dishes can be transformed by methods of serving and a festive air given to what might otherwise be an uninteresting meal.

A FEW favorite recipes which repay initiative in serving are suggested on this page.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

One pound round or topside steak, 3 kidneys, 1 level dessertspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups water, pinch of herbs, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, chopped parsley, 1 lb. shortcrust or puff pastry.

Soak kidneys ½ hour in salted water, remove skin and core, cut into cubes. Trim fat from steak, cut into cubes. Roll steak and kidneys in flour, salt and pepper. Melt fat in heavy saucepan, add meat, and brown lightly. Add any remaining flour and brown. Stir in liquid, herbs, and onion. Stir until boiling. Cover and simmer gently 1½ to 2 hours, or turn into casserole and cook gently 1½ to 2 hours in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Roll pastry thinly, cut into shapes with floured knife or

cutting. Place on oven tray, brush with milk. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in very hot oven (475deg. F.). Turn meat mixture on to serving dish, top with pastry squares, garnish with chopped parsley. For four or five.

Note: Pastry squares may be made in advance, stored in airtight tin, and reheated before serving.

VEAL AND POTATO SALAD IN ORANGE CASES

Three large oranges, 2 cups diced, cooked potato, 2 shallots, 1 cup diced ham, salt, cayenne, 1 cup diced cooked veal, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, paprika or finely chopped parsley, small red or green onions.

Scrub and dry oranges, cut in halves. Cut a thin slice from each half orange, remove pulp, and reserve rind to decorate as illustrated. Carefully remove pulp from each orange shell. Combine diced potato, finely minced shallot (including green stalks), ham, salt, cayenne,

and veal. Toss lightly with mayonnaise. Fill into orange cases, dust with paprika (or finely chopped parsley). Shape ring of orange rind and secure with a cocktail stick pressed through a small colored onion. Arrange cases on bed of lettuce leaves and garnish with salad vegetables.

STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW SPONGE

One 8in. layer of cooked sponge, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, strawberries.

Place sugar, water, and gelatine in saucepan, bring very slowly to boiling point. Boil 5 minutes. Cool, add lemon juice and vanilla. Beat until thick and white, fold in crushed strawberries (reserving some whole ones for garnishing) and a little pink coloring. Cut cake into portions for serving, top each portion with marshmallow, decorate with glazed strawberries. For five or six.

BRAIN AND HAM FRITTERS

Two sets sheep's brains, 2 tablespoons finely minced ham, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Soak brains ½ hour in salted water, remove skin and membrane. Cover with cold water, bring to boil, drain.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE with separate shapes of crisp pastry, strawberry marshmallow sponge, veal and potato salad in orange cases are simple dishes, attractively served.

Cover with fresh cold water, add ½ teaspoon salt, thin piece of lemon rind, and ½ slice of onion. Simmer 12 to 15 minutes. Drain, cut into dice. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and cayenne. Make a well in centre—drop in egg-yolk. Mix flour in gradually from sides, adding milk a little at a time. Beat smooth. Fold in brains, ham, grated onion, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-white. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, fuming fat, fry golden-brown. Drain on clean paper, serve immediately with grilled tomato halves and potato straws. For four or five.

DEVILLED BEEF SLICES

Slices of cold roast beef (cut 1-inch thick), mixed mustard, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat for frying, 1 pint brown gravy (left from previous meal), 1 tablespoon grated carrot, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Thin gravy slightly with a little extra water if necessary. Add carrot, onion, and sauces; simmer gently while meat is being prepared. Spread sliced beef thinly on both sides with mixed mustard. Dust lightly with flour; dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Coat a second time with egg and breadcrumbs. Brown on both sides in a small quantity of hot fat. Serve hot with sauce.

An
**APPETISING
MEAL**



Swift
PORK & BEEF
LUNCHEON MEAT

and
**SO EASY
TO HANDLE**

Swift products are
ALWAYS good

Sketching
is the hobby
that pays!



Would
YOU like
to take
a Staff Position
on open
your own Studio and sell Sketches
to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers,
etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever
your age, wherever you live, whether
you have had little or no previous
training, STOTT'S can train you for
this delightful and lucrative Profes-
sion in your own home.

Stott's Correspondence College
108 Russell St., Melb.; 145 Castlereagh
St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane;
50 Grenfell St., Adelaide; 254 Murray
St., Perth.

Post This Coupon — Cut Here.

To STOTT'S (Nearest Address).
Please send me free and without
obligation full particulars of your
Courses in COMMERCIAL ART and
Sketching.

My Name
Address
A.W.W.1747 Age

**SUFFERERS FROM
SUPERFLUOUS
HAIRS**

should give "VANIX" the oppor-
tunity to do for them what it
has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul
Van Schuyler, which firstly de-
vitalises and then destroys the
hair. It has no detrimental
effect on the skin and is simple
and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle
(Post 6/4½) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd.,
312 George St., Sydney, and all
Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St.,
Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Col-
lins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Ed-
ward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists,
Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

**fortuna
cloth**



BAKED BANANA SPONGE: Press banana halves drenched with lemon juice into lemon-flavored batter just before it is set. See recipe below.

PRIZE LUNCHEON SNACKS

● Cheese pastry combined with savory veal steak wins main prize this week.

BAKED banana sponge is a delicious mixture of bananas and lemon-flavored batter. It's a good sweet for the busy day. Cheese pastry appears again with ham and sheep's tongues in luscious savory patties suitable for any occasion.

SAVORY STEAK SNACKS

Filling: Three-quarters pound minced veal steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, small pinch dried herbs, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 table-
spoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 table-
spoon chopped parsley, 1 egg.

Cheese Pastry: One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, 1 tea-
spoon salt, 4oz. margarine or clar-
ified fat, 1 cup grated cheese, milk.

Filling: Place all ingredients in
saucepan with exception of bread-
crumbs, egg, and parsley. Stir over
heat until meat changes color. Con-
tinue stirring 8 to 10 minutes.
Remove from heat. Add beaten egg,
breadcrumbs, and parsley. Mix well
together. Turn on to flat plate—
allow to cool. Shape into small balls,
using a little flour.

Pastry: Sift flours and salt and
rub in shortening. Add grated
cheese. Mix with sufficient milk to
make fairly dry dough. Turn out
on to floured board, roll to 1-inch
thickness. Cut into four-inch
squares. Place meat ball in centre
of each square. Glaze edges of
pastry with milk. Bring four corners
up on to top of meat ball, pinching
together. Place on oven slide. Glaze
with milk. Bake in hot oven (425deg.
F.), 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot
garnished with parsley.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Taylor,
Main St., Dromin, Vic.**

BAKED BANANA SPONGE

**One cup self-raising flour, pinch
salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessert-
spoon margarine or butter, 1 cup
milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon
rind, 3 or 4 bananas, lemon juice,
cinnamon and sugar.**

Sift flour and salt, and add sugar.
Melt shortening and add to well-
beaten egg and milk. Make hollow
in centre of dry ingredients, add
liquid a little at a time, making into
a smooth batter. Add lemon rind.
Pour into well-greased ovenware
dish. Slice 2 bananas, and press

lightly into batter. Bake in moder-
ate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 to 25
minutes. When pudding is just
beginning to set, banana-halves cut
lengthwise and drenched with
lemon juice may be arranged on top
and sprinkled with cinnamon and
sugar. Serve hot with lemon slices.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D.
Hamilton, 2 Richmond Rd., Home-
bush West, N.S.W.**

SAGO FLUFF

**Three tablespoons sago, 3 cups
milk, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 3 table-
spoons sugar, vanilla essence, stewed
dried apricots or prunes.**

Cook sago in 2 cups of milk until
all grains disappear, being careful it
does not burn. Separate yolks from
whites of eggs. Beat yolks with
sugar, salt, and remaining cup of
milk. Add to sago, stirring till thick.

Remove from heat and when cool
fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and
essence. Pile into serving dish when
cold. Arrange apricots or prunes
round edge of dish. Syrup from fruit
may be served with the sweet.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V.
H. Rose, 46 The Avenue, Hurstville,
N.S.W.**

TONGUE AND HAM PATTIES

Pastry: One cup flour, pinch
cayenne, salt, 1 teaspoon baking
powder, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2oz.
margarine or butter, 1 egg-yolk,
water, lemon juice, 2oz. grated
cheese.

Filling: One cup thick white sauce,
1 tomato, 1 tablespoon chopped ham,
1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 cooked
sheep's tongues, salt and pepper.

Pastry: Sift flour, baking powder,
salt, pepper, and mustard. Rub in
shortening. Mix in grated cheese.
Beat egg-yolk with a little lemon
juice and water. Add dry ingredi-
ents, mixing to a dry dough. Turn on
to floured board. Roll thinly. Cut
with round cutter, and line small
patty-tins. Bake in hot oven
(425deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Roll
remaining pastry thinly, cut small
rounds to place on top of patties.
Place on oven tray, brush with milk,
bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes.

Filling: Remove skins from cooked
tongues, cut into dice. Add to sauce
with finely chopped ham, chopped,
skinned tomato, parsley, salt, and
pepper. Fill into pastry cases. Place
pastry tops in position, reheat.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
R. Uren, 27 Clovelly Ave., Clarence
Gardens, S.A.**



BROWN VEGETABLE SAUCE and carrot straws go well with these
savory steak snacks—fine fare for luncheon. See prize-winning recipe.

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES by Hesling



ΧΑΡΙΣ ΘΕΩΙ ΝΑΤΤΥΟΣ! (THANK THE GODS FOR MUSTARD!)

Here is a very ancient
Greek, caught in the act of
thanking Demeter, Goddess
of Agricultural Produce, for
providing the mustard for
his simple repast.

Everything about the
Greeks was simple. They
ate simply, too: beef, pork,
venison, etc., and always
with mustard. Note care-
fully the simple goat whose

milk provided the cheese for
the Ancient Greek's Welsh
Rarebit—and here again
there is nothing like
KEEN'S MUSTARD for
that extra gastronomical lift.



There's a special delight in giving or owning Stuart Crystal. Designed
for practical, lasting loveliness, this sparkling cut glass is handmade
by English craftsmen. Look for the signature "Stuart" etched on every
piece.

Stuart & Sons Ltd., Stourbridge, England.

Australia: ● L. J. WAHLERS & CO.,
Tasmania House, Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.
210, Clarence Street, SYDNEY.

Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Puffy Ankles

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have
Interrupted Sleep, or suffer from
Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache,
Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheu-
matism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of
Energy and feel old before your
time, Kidney Trouble is the true
cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry,
colds or overwork may create an
excess of acids and place a heavy
strain on your kidneys so that they
function poorly and need help to
properly refresh your blood and
maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way
Many doctors have discovered by
scientific clinical tests and in ac-
tual practice that a quick and sure
way to help the kidneys clean out
excess poisons and acids is with a
scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hun-
dreds of doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay
The very first dose of Cystex goes
right to work helping your kidneys
remove excess acids. Quickly, this
makes you feel like new again. And
so certain are the makers that
Cystex will satisfy you completely
they ask you to try it under a
money back guarantee. You be the
judge. If not entirely satisfied just
return the empty package and get
your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and
stores and the money back guarantee
protects you. Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

Cystex for
KIDNEYS
BLADDER
The Guaranteed Treatment RHEUMATISM

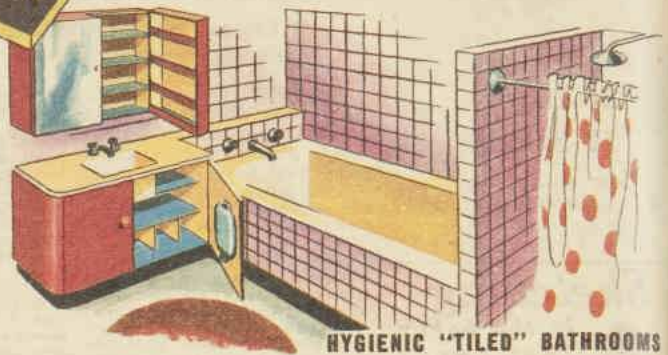
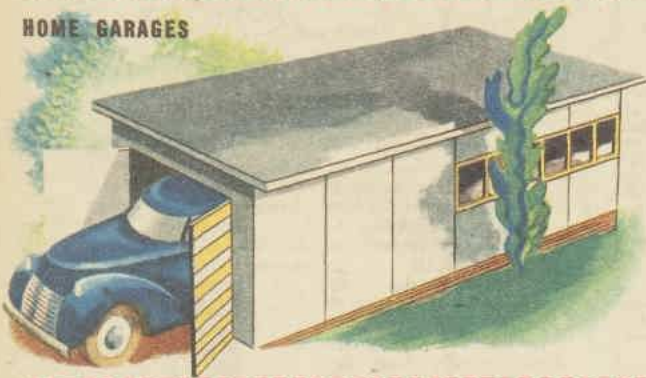
All are better in

You can do so much *more* with Masonite . . . and you can do it so much *better* . . . whether "you" means you, or whether it means your architect and builder. For every purpose, for every type of structure in which dignity and grace are as important as durability and modernity, Masonite is the first choice of the man with "know how." Masonite is the *building board which has all the answers*.



Masonite can take punishment without a wince. It has stamina — yet can be easily worked with ordinary carpenters' tools. It takes any type of decorative finish. It can be bent, curved, grooved or scored. There are three types of Masonite board — Presdwood, Tempered Presdwood and Temptile — all are made in 12ft. by 4ft. sheets. Glance through the pictures below. They'll start you thinking — *in Masonite!*

HOME GARAGES



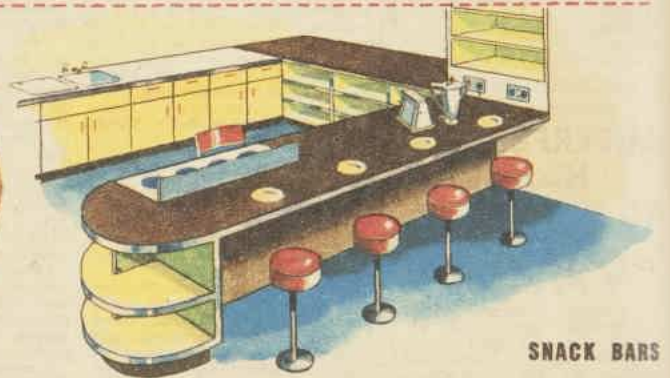
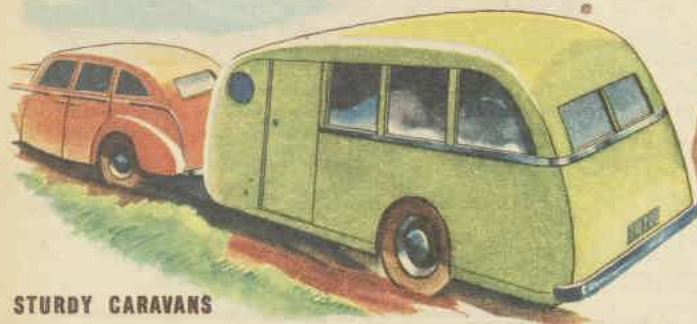
HYGIENIC "TILED" BATHROOMS

BUILT-IN FURNITURE



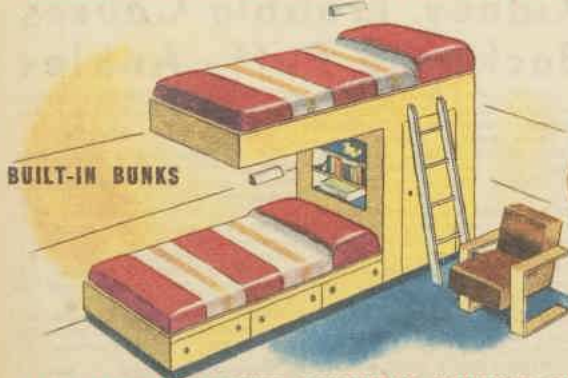
TOOL SHEDS

STURDY CARAVANS



SNACK BARS

BUILT-IN BUNKS



Keep on asking for MASONITE

Although Australian production of Masonite is being continually increased, we still cannot keep pace with the market — but we're speeding up still more. We hope it will soon be possible to meet all requirements. Meanwhile, keep on asking your nearest stockist.



SLIDING PARTITIONS

MANUFACTURED BY MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED Sales & Service Divisions: 369 Pitt Street, SYDNEY • 533 Collins Street, MELBOURNE • 337 Queen Street, BRISBANE • 31 Chesser Street, ADELAIDE

MA2247